



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NFL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07483770 3

The

163

Gordon Lester Ford  
Collection

Presented by his Sons

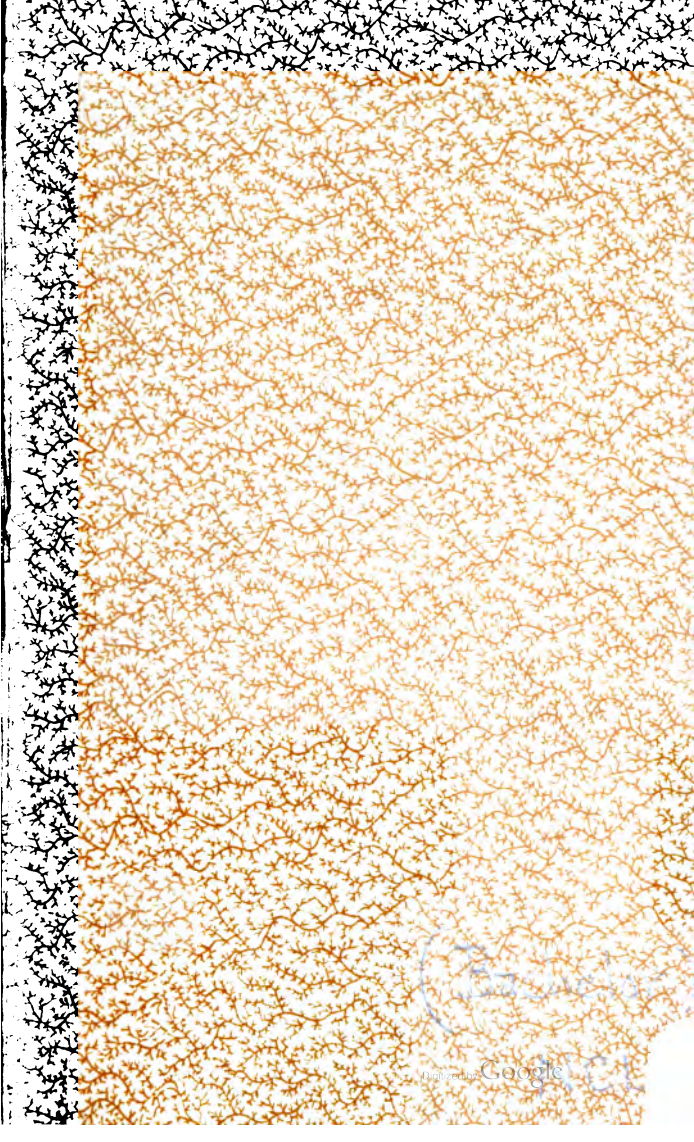
Worthington Chauncey Ford

and

Paul Leicester Ford

to the

New York Public Library









# VILLAGE SCENES,

*&c.*





ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



*London Published June 14 1804 by Vernor & Hoard No 51. Poultry.*

By T. BACHELOR.

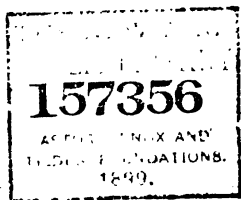
**THOMSON.**

**LONDON:**

**From the Parnassian Press:**

FOR VERNOR AND HOOD, 31, POULTRY,  
BY J. DWAN, 76, FLEET-STREET.

1804.



WU WU  
WU WU  
WU WU

## PREFACE.

---

THE reader of the poems contained in this volume will easily perceive, they are not the productions of literary leisure and retirement. They were not written beneath the shade of academic bowers, but in the casual and short intervals of rural occupations. Those who are acquainted with the habits of the peasantry and farmers of the villages, need not be told that some, even of the latter, can scarcely write their own name; and when to this is added, the ill pronounciation and innumerable barbarous phrases in constant use among them, it will be granted, that to surmount all these difficulties without classical aid, and write works of taste in a superior style, is a task which has scarcely any probability of being accomplished.

## PREFACE.

The writer of these poems is, however, aware that the insipid effusions of dulness can never be pleasing. The absence of wit, of delicacy, of propriety, and inventive imagination can never be palliated. Every work must ultimately rest on its own merits, without the accidental and fleeting aid of exterior circumstances. The utmost that can be expected in the present case, is, that wherever the phraseology or the crude, unauthorised sentiments betray the youth and inexperience of the writer; the consideration of the unfavourable circumstances under which they were produced, may, in some measure, moderate the laugh of ridicule, and restrain a few of the more inveterate darts of criticism. It has often been urged that, in poetry, a mediocrity of merit is equivalent to none. But shall the simple violet pass without regard because it is overshadowed by the oak of the forest? The sun in its meridian splendour dazzles the eyes by its excessive lustre, and tires rather than charms the beholder. Yet the smallest star, that in his presence seemed not to exist, may,

## PREFACE.

in his absence, become an object of rational delight. The poem, entitled *Village Scenes*, was written some years since. The subject differs from that of *The Deserted Village*, and *The Pleasures of Memory*, in selecting such objects as are most likely to occur, whether of a pleasing or sorrowful complexion, without attempting to crowd either melancholy or joyful objects into the same picture. Every feeling mind has experienced, and many writers have described, the sensations arising from a review of the scenes of early life; but the subject, at least so far as the present poem is concerned in it, seems yet far from being exhausted.

*The Progress of Agriculture* was first written in the year 1801, but has since received many alterations.

The Peasant's Complaint, inserted in that poem, contains a fair statement of the numerous evils complained of by the peasantry of



## PREFACE.

this country, and, except the supposition of their having all occurred in one parish, and to one unfortunate person, can scarcely be charged with poetical exaggeration.

It is true there have many honourable instances occurred of a more liberal policy than is there reprobated; but it may safely be asserted, that almost every line in that piece may be illustrated with well-authenticated anecdotes, whose general tendency is to show, that an *inclosure bill* is the seldom-erring signal of ruin to all the small farms of the parish, with a melancholy train of collateral consequences. In *one* parish, something more than half a century since, all the farmers, except one, lived on their own estates; which at present compose only one. In another parish, two farms have, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up the remaining seven. By this it seems, the expence of seven farm-houses is saved, and seven families have become the vassals of those who were once their equals.

## PREFACE.

This is a subject that ought not to be entirely forgotten, even by princes and kings. There may be some difference in terms, but the same infatuated and cruel ambition, which would reduce the poor, independent tiller of the soil to a state of servitude, would, with equal apathy, overwhelm their thrones, and lay their crowns and sceptres in the dust.

If we take a view of the state of Europe, which is, as it were, but a larger parish, including as well the age of Louis XIV. as the present, we see the same spirit of ambition actuating a Louis le Grand and a Bonaparte le ..... To become emperor of Europe, would they not sacrifice half its inhabitants? Would they not seize the purple robe, even if dyed in human blood? Would they shudder to find their conduct had destroyed for ever the happiness, and even the lives, of millions, and had not added one pleasurable moment to, nor, in the least degree lengthened, the term of their existence?— In this scene, all who share the honours of

## PREFACE.

the earth, even kings and emperors, are cast in the back ground: they appear diminished and insignificant, their scale kicks the beam, and they may judge, by their own feelings, what are those of the houseless peasant of the village.

In thus advocating the cause of the lower classes of the community, the writer would wish to be understood with considerable limitations. Their complaints are not all well founded, and such as are so frequently admitted of no remedy. The same encroaching and restless spirit, which regards *self* as paramount to every other consideration, is often as busy under a clay-built shed as in any other place. But in excuse or palliation of these it is urged, that such measures are rendered necessary, and even just, by way of self-defence and retaliation.

The Peasant's Complaint, far from admitting any progress in the science of rural economy, seems rather to infer a retrograde

## PREFACE.

movement; and that opinion has many advocates and many opposers.

But as the votaries of fancy have been generally deemed the dupes of extravagant chimeras and imaginary resemblances, losing more in the scale of judgment than they gain in that of wit; it is, perhaps, in this case, more prudent to submit both the fiction and the truth, without further apology, to the indulgence of a candid and impartial public.

T. B.





# VILLAGE SCENES.

A

## *RURAL POEM.*

---

**T**HE charms that draw with sweet attractive powers  
Th' enamour'd soul to Youth's enchanting bowers;  
Thy soft delights, O Memory! and thy pains,  
And rural joys, and cares, invite my strains.

Muse of the artless song and rural lyre!  
Attune my numbers, and my soul inspire.

Night's sable veil o'er vernal nature lies,  
Obscures her charms, and dims the radiant skies;  
A solemn gloom hangs o'er the distant woods,  
And dubious twinklings mark the rolling floods.

Far distant, India, are thy golden shores,  
Golconda's gems, and Ceylon's spicy stores;

B

Far distant these, that led my youth astray.  
O'er torrid climes, and Ocean's trackless way :  
And now, by Mem'ry's soft enchantment led,  
Britannia! o'er thy peaceful plains I tread.—  
Near the green confines of my natal dale,  
Emotions fond with pleasing sway prevail,  
Imagination through the reign of night,  
Soft leads where Nature first illum'd my sight,  
Pourtrays each scene that charm'd my infant view,  
And kindles all my youthful fires anew.

The swallow thus, whose annual flight explores  
Morocco's wilds, or Congo's sultry shores,  
Feels the soft charm by vernal joys impress'd,  
And home returning, seeks his clay-built nest.  
From scenes of care my anxious soul removes,  
To woo the shades of young desires and loves.  
Ye powers on Youth's propitious morn that smile!  
Renew each charm that grac'd my native soil.

---

v. 31,      Night, and the gradual progress of the dawn.

---

Ye bowers of love! resume your beauteous dyes,  
Ye fairy prospects! to my sight arise,  
Affections kind! renew your soft control,  
And Hope, the soothing sunshine of the soul!  
For, O how blest that ray, benignant, falls,  
Which but relieves one care, one blissful hour recalls!

Dear seats of joy! to you I turn my view,  
Sweet fields! from whence my youthful feet withdrew;  
Where cheerfulness, and innocence serene,  
Beam'd in each smile, and brighten'd ev'ry scene;  
While Health sat pictur'd on the cheek of youth,  
And every thought was purity and truth;  
Ere the fair dawn of vernal life was flown,  
Or seeds of sorrow in this breast were sown.

And soon will Morn her radiant charms unfold,  
Her vermeil bloom, and tresses dipp'd in gold.  
Lo! Phosphor, rising, gems yon orient sky,  
And, gradual, Night's unsightly legions fly:



Yet still obscure the dewy landscape lies,  
And gloomy scenes, chaotic, meet my eyes.  
Full orb'd, and swift, descending in the west,  
Pale Cynthia shines, array'd in silvery vest,  
Casts a faint beam along my lonely way,  
And guides my footsteps with obsequious ray.  
Oft twinkling glow-worms, with phosphoric light,  
Arrest my gaze, and charm the shades of night.  
The fragrant violets, shelter'd by the thorn,  
Perfume the breeze, and sip the dews of morn.  
And Philomela tunes her sweetest song,  
Soft as I pass her still retreats along.

O Solitude! what pleasing magic dwells  
In thy calm woodland walks, and fairy cells!  
What seraph smiles and captivating charms  
Inform thy mien, and call us to thy arms!  
To thee, the willing slave of love retires,  
Breathes his fond plaint, and fans his secret fires.

v. 67.

Happiness of childhood.

With thee Philosophy's aspiring eyes,  
From earth ascending, pierce th' ethereal skies;  
Pursue the comet's long elliptic road,  
" And look through Nature up to Nature's God."  
Soft nurse of Contemplation's golden hour!  
E'en now my bosom owns thy genial power,  
And, hastening onward, midst that flowery glade,  
Where idly oft in life's calm morn I stray'd,  
What smiling scenes of love and sportive joy!  
What tender feelings age shall ne'er destroy!  
What sympathies, by early years impress'd!  
Thrill in each nerve and heave my lab'ring breast!  
Fair morn of youth! when pleasure's dawning ray,  
Illusive, gleam'd on life's untrodden way,  
E'er sorrow's gloomy clouds portentous rose,  
And pain'd the breast with sense of future woes;  
When rural sports were all the cares I knew,  
And Hope around her cheerful influence threw;

When, dear Myrtille! thy enchanting eye  
Drew my fond gaze, or rais'd the raptur'd sigh:  
Sweet hours of love, that bade my bosom burn,  
How are ye fled—ah! never to return!  
Fair are the charms that life's young scenes invest,  
When all the gen'rous passions warm the breast;  
When heart-felt joy exhilarates each mien,  
And coming cares but hover round unseen!  
Refracted rays of Phœbus' dawning light,  
Divergent shooting, chase the shades of night;  
Prismatic colours, pencil'd by the morn,  
With feeble lustre orient clouds adorn;  
And Nature, bright'ning in each lovely scene,  
Resumes her verdant robe, and cheerful mien.  
At intervals, through tides of ether, float  
Time's solemn toll, and chanticler's shrill note;  
The bird of night shrieks on the mould'ring fane,  
And watch-dogs bay, responsive, to her strain.

---

v. 103.      Sleep, a friend to Sorrow.—Solitary reflections.

---

Yet Sleep her soft oblivious sway maintains, .

And binds the village in her pleasing chains.

Sooth'd by her hand, beneath a clay-wall'd shed,

Pale Want reposes on a cheerful bed;

Sickness and Care confess the balmy hour,

Nor Envy pines at beauty, wealth, or power.

But griefs there are, that banish all delight,

The charms of day, the calm repose of night,

Wound the sad breast, and break the bands of sleep

To ope the eyes that only wake to weep!

E'en now, perhaps, some love-desponding swain

Heaves the deep sigh, o'ercome by cold disdain;

With streaming eyes, some sad, dishonour'd fair.

Mourns o'er the babe that owns no father's care;

Some gay companion of my early years,

Dear to my breast, when every sport endears,

Feels the last pang that rends the human frame,

While Friendship weeps o'er life's expiring flame.

---

---

Morning.V. 1812

---

---

Now the young Hours, attir'd in bright array,  
With dewy fingers ope the gates of day,  
Increasing lustre all the orient fills,  
While Night, still lingering, glooms on western hills;  
Aurora lifts her golden torch on high,  
Illumes the fields and purples o'er the sky.  
Superior rays the starry lights absorb,  
Pale in the west hangs Luna's sickly orb,  
And Phœbus, rising, darts his lucent beams,  
Bright o'er the verdant hills, and glitt'ring in the streams  
Soft whispering zephyrs, waken'd by the morn,  
Drink the bright pearls that tremble on the thorn.  
Aloft in air, upborne on daring wing,  
The towering lark, ascending, hails the spring;  
And pour'd from every vocal wood around,  
The notes of love and vernal joy resound!  
Now open all my native walks to view,  
Whose soft attractions fire my soul anew!

Fond, o'er the vale, I take a wide survey  
Of all I lov'd in life's calm, opening day,  
Where thickets, heaths, smooth lawns, and groves arise,  
That, distant, seem to prop the ambient skies.  
Dear lovely vale, whose beauties first I knew,  
Ere young delights on Time's swift pinions flew,  
What potent charms thy flowery lap invest,  
To wake the slumbering passions of my breast!  
With music charm'd, encircled round with trees,  
Dress'd by young May, and courted by the breeze,  
Wide wave the spangled fields, a beauteous scene,  
Farms, verdant lawns, and copses spread between;  
Dark leans yon wood against the western hill,  
Adown his shade descends a murmuring rill,  
On *fallows* here, with verdant *lays* confin'd,  
White shine the flocks, in narrow cots reclin'd.  
There spotted heifers o'er the lawns appear,  
Crop the young herb, or sip the rivulet clear.

Here rows of hawthorn, silver'd o'er with bloom,  
There heaths of prickly furze, and golden broom.  
Where yon fair grove of evergreen extends,  
In curling clouds the village smoke ascends,  
Gay bloom the meads around, in all their pride,  
Long rows of poplars bend o'er Ouse's side;  
Sweet village! loveliest of the rural plain,  
Abode of Love, and Virtue's seraph train,  
Where, crown'd with olives, Peace serenely smiles,  
Each labour lightens, and each care beguiles.  
Well pleas'd to view thy fair elysian bowers,  
Where sylvan music charm'd my youthful hours,  
I leave the pageantry of life behind,  
Hope's golden dreams for purer sweets resign'd.  
But thou, lone mansion! where these infant eyes,  
First drank the lustre of *autumnal* skies;  
Where every want a mother's care redress'd,  
Press'd to her cheek, or pillow'd on her breast;

v. 165.

Morning thoughts.

Where life's calm pleasures knew their earliest spring,  
And Hope, exulting, rose on cheerful wing.

Ah! if to thee my weary steps I bend,  
No parent welcomes, or consoling friend,  
Each kindred foot is vanish'd from thy floor,  
And love maternal soothes my breast no more!

Now Phœbus, rising in th' ethereal way,  
'In fair effulgence, darts th' enliv'ning ray;  
Wak'd by his light, from every blade exhale  
The vital streams that purify the gale;  
Absorb Disease's foul pestiferous breath,  
And blunt the dire envenom'd shafts of Death.

Ye pallid tribes! who breathe a stagnant air,  
Ye sons of sickness, or corroding care,  
And you, ye fair! whose radiant eyes impart  
Delicious poison to the raptur'd heart;  
Here on the banks of willow-shaded floods,  
Or with the Dryads of the groves and woods,



---

---

Advice to the sickly and the fair.v. 183.

---

---

Inhale the morning's aromatic breeze,  
That wafts delight, and banishes disease;  
Here woo the power that swells your balmy sighs,  
And kindles loves and graces in your eyes;  
Here cheerful youth's serenest tints resume,  
The genial glow of love, and joys perennial bloom!  
Shun the close *city* with assiduous care,  
Whose nauseous fumes the breath of heaven impair.  
Lo! e'en while distance hides the splendid scene,  
Vales spread their lengths, and hills uprise between,  
Dark surgy clouds and fen-born mists exhale,  
And spread their lurid wings across the dale!  
Thence the black Demon of disease and death  
Wings his light darts, his pestilential breath  
Blasts the fair lustre of the youthful bloom,  
And hurries thousands to an early tomb.  
Say, whence your haste, whom fame or lucre calls,  
From rural fields to courts, or learned halls?

---

v. 301.    Wealth, gaiety, and magnificence of a great city.

---

Dwells sweet Content with kings and courts alone?  
Alas! perhaps to kings and courts unknown!  
"Yet there," ye cry—while grandeur fires your breast,  
"Sure there, and there alone, can man be blest;  
In the bright focus of a nation's pride,  
Wit, beauty, honour, virtue, fame, reside!  
Lo! piles immense of brick and massy stone,  
Whose weight enormous makes the valley groan;  
Blue shine the slated roofs, gilt spires arise,  
Tall towers, and domes gigantic, brave the skies,  
Gothic cathedrals, darken'd o'er by time,  
Colossal pillars, palaces sublime!  
Lo! parks illum'd with beauty's brightest rays,  
Where gold and diamonds feebly aid the blaze.—  
Where Thames, through many an arch, his current pours  
Commercial vessels throng the burden'd shores,  
Wave their light streamers in the whistling gale,  
Or skim the surface of the watry vale.

Borne o'er the stormy wave from every land,  
What various blessings crown the smiling strand!  
Whate'er the bounteous hand of Nature yields,  
Drawn from the noxious mine, or reap'd in verdant fields.  
Sure here has Plenty pour'd her flowing horn,  
To soothe the woes of every wretch forlorn;  
Here meagre Want, who views with longing eye,  
May cherish hope, and lay her sorrows by."

Alas, in vain!—The sons of grief and care,  
Nor find supply, nor hope a solace there;  
Rapacious Wealth, and Trade, with harpy eyes,  
Spread their wide grasp, and sweep away the prize!

Not there, ye few, who value peace and health,  
Careless of honour, grandeur, fame, or wealth;  
Not there, alas! are life's soft pleasures seen,  
Friendship, and Love, and social Joy serene!  
Wild Riot's sons the virtuous mind annoy,  
Pleasure has stings, and Vice pollutes each joy.

v. 237.

Apostrophe to the Aonian choir.

Go, search the streets where tumult wakes the day,  
And evening lamps supply the solar ray,  
See! mingled there, in one promiscuous crowd,  
The poor, the rich, the humble, and the proud,  
The grave, the thoughtless, deep-designing knaves,  
Power's splendid sons, and Wealth's submissive slaves.  
See! modest worth, unfortunate, or poor,  
Scarce deign'd admittance at a brother's door.  
See! orphans cast, unfriended, on the town,  
A mother's love, a father's care unknown.  
And blest with all that opulence bestows,  
Caress'd by friends, and flatter'd e'en by foes,  
The sons of Greatness flaunt in golden pride,  
While thousands mourn, or perish by their side.

O lead me far, Aönia's lovely choir!  
From scenes where splendor fans destructive fire,  
Serener tints the sapphire arch displays,  
That bounds th' horizon of my youthful days.

Where beauteous nature scorns the pomp of art,  
And calm delights exhilarate the heart.

Ye nymphs, whose blushes emulate the dawn,  
And gentle swains, that dress the verdant lawn,  
Flower of mankind! who meet, alert and gay,  
The call of industry, the smile of play,  
Or walk at eve to some enchanted grove,  
With some lov'd fair to whisper vows of love.  
And you, while years with ease and health increase,  
Who spend the evening of your days in peace,  
Unknown to meagre want, or foul disgrace;  
Ye tender parents of a duteous race,  
On you has Nature lavish'd all her store,  
And sceptred monarchs can enjoy no more!

How fair each scene that meets your ravish'd sight!  
What pregnant sources of a pure delight!  
Soft-handed Spring, attir'd in green array,  
Weaves a bright wreath to deck the brow of May;

Profusely pours her variegated flowers,  
And gladdens Nature with refreshing showers.  
Innumerable woodbines, arching o'er the thorn,  
Breathe nectar'd sweets, and every fence adorn;  
And, welling forth his lustre, Phœbus shines,  
Warms the moist glebe, the woodland breeze refines.  
When through the heavens he runs his high career,  
Glow in the zenith, and inflames the year;  
Sweet is the morn, the lengthen'd evening gay,  
And midnight glimmers with a cheerful ray.  
What fragrantcy ethereal fills the gales,  
That kiss your hay-brown meads, and flowery vales!  
How sweet the toil, when mirth and rural song  
Charm the bright moments as they roll along;  
And whitening round to bless the peasant's toil,  
Abundant harvest crowns your cultur'd soil,  
Where zephyrs sigh amongst your fruitful trees,  
Ten thousand gems hang quiv'ring in the breeze,

Pomona bids the nectar'd pulp unfold,  
In rubies cas'd and vegetable gold.

Ah! here how blest, ye highly-favour'd few,  
Whose wishes ne'er on golden pinions flew,  
Who view proud Splendor with undazzled eyes,  
Nor envy Wealth her gold, nor Vice her sordid prize!

No ermines, silks, brocade, or cloth of gold,  
In idle state your healthy limbs infold;  
No stucco'd walls have ye, nor marble floors,  
Nor wakeful guard secures your nightly doors.  
No gilded ceilings grace your lowly shed,  
Nor luscious stores your frugal table spread,  
Nor coaches shine, attendant at your gate,  
Nor needy flatterers bow, nor livery'd menials wait.  
'Tis yours, in Industry's lowly shed, to meet  
Pure social joy and resignation sweet.  
Connubial love, and friendship's cordial hand,  
And filial fondness with endearments bland.

v. 809.

Continued.

There Health ! her train of smiles and graces brings,  
And rural music wakes her artless strings,  
While all the power of mirth inspires the soul,  
And, scarce perceiv'd, the golden moments roll !  
Hard is their fate ! whose unprotected years  
Are led by sorrow through the vale of tears ;  
Severe their lot ! who pass life's evening hour  
In Misery's squalid, bleak, unshelter'd bower ;  
Consign'd, dire Poverty ! to thy command,  
Thy cup of gall, and cold barbarian hand :  
From thy sad train what groans incessant break,  
Corroding anguish blights their furrow'd cheek,  
In frequent streams their hopeless sorrows flow,  
Death on their lips, and horror on their brow !  
Oh ! turn thy footsteps from th' industrious few,  
Be thine the riotous, the careless crew ;  
May Plenty here her fostering wings extend,  
And Industry her toiling sons defend ;



May Wretchedness no more repeat her tale,  
But sounds of gladness float upon the gale.

Where are ye fled, soft years of young delight,  
That poured wild beauties on my wondering sight.  
Alas ! your charms must never more impart  
A joy unruffled with Affliction's smart.—  
Deep sunk in Time's oblivious gulph ye lie,  
Yet still of you I sing, for you I sigh !

And every scene familiar to the view,  
Breathes secret joy, to youthful feelings true ;  
In Fancy's eye a thousand flowerets blow,  
Arcadian plains extend, and fountains flow ;  
A thousand fond ideas fire the brain,  
Connected long in Memory's viewless chain.

The hazel copse, the fir-encircled hill,  
The willow'd bank that bounds the sedgy rill ;  
The cultur'd fields, the yellow bosom'd mead,  
The ancient farm, the peasant's low-built shed,

The crumbling ruins scatter'd o'er yon glade,  
Where Ouse emerges from the woodland shade.  
The Mill, whose vanes still circle in the gale,  
The spire high mounting from the verdant vale.  
All paint the joys their charms have once impress'd,  
And pour the balm of gladness on my breast ;  
Or rise in love or friendship doubly dear,  
To ask th' enamour'd sigh, or soft Affection's tear.

By yon fair grove, that shakes its vernal pride,  
And bends umbrageous down the green hill's side,  
How oft, sweet Friendship ! thy delightful sway  
Drew my young steps, and chac'd each care away.  
With softer charms adorn'd, the blue serene  
Smil'd in each walk, and brighten'd every scene ;  
And bade that gleam of joy celestial shine,  
That lifts congenial souls to raptures half divine !

There *Florio* dwelt, the youthful, and the gay,  
Admiring Nature in her fair array ;

Nature benignant on her votary smil'd,  
And Knowledge op'd her volumes in the wild.

Illustrious *Newton*! glory of thy age,  
Not there unknown was thine immortal page;  
The page where Number, Time, and Space, behold  
Their myst'ries fathom'd, and their secrets told;  
Where modest Nature's charms superior shine,  
And loud proclaim their architect divine!

Pure are the joys that Science can impart,  
To calm the passious, and exalt the heart;  
Her lightning flashes through th' enraptur'd mind,  
And warms the soul with energies refin'd.

Tempt ye, who will, blind Fortune's dangerous tide,  
To sink, or high on glittering billows ride;  
Be mine the task, great *Locke*! with thee reclin'd,  
To search the chambers of th' immortal mind;  
Through warring elements to wing my way,  
Where thunders rage, or lambent meteors play;

Where Luna walks sublime above the storm,  
Or hides in Night's dark cone her shadowy form;  
And view, high plac'd above the eagle's flight,  
Ten thousand fountains of empyreal light,  
That shine to bless a million worlds around,  
And pour redundant floods to Nature's farthest bound

Then, O my *Florio!* could this mortal eye  
Pierce through the sapphire pavement of the sky,  
To thee, whose piercing, energetic mind,  
Was scarce in Nature's ample bounds confin'd;  
Sure my rapt soul would scorn her feeble clay,  
And all the regions of terrestrial day!

Blest inhabitant of purer realms above!  
Where all is beauty, harmony, and love;  
With thee the sweetest joys of life I knew,  
Alas! those joys how sweet, how transient too!

With thee, in fancy'd fairy groves, I stray'd,  
Where Dryads sport, and Muses charm the shade;

O'er Tempe's vale, and where Castalia flows,  
And fam'd Parnassus lifts her laurell'd brows,  
Thalia there directs our pleasing way,  
Where shades poetic tune the immortal lay:  
And where wild Fancy holds her magic court,  
Sweet seats, where soft Pierian nymphs resort;  
Whose thrilling nerves to ecstasy are strung,  
Heaven in their eyes, and music on their tongue!  
There *Homer* sings the vengeful Grecian powers,  
Great Hector's fall, and Ilium's flaming towers,  
Ulysses rescued from each dreadful storm,  
Charybdis dire, and Scyllas hideous form.  
And there the Mantuan chants, in polish'd strains,  
The rage of war, and toils of nymphs and swains;  
And *Milton* lifts the swelling sounds on high,  
Of angel-hosts embattled in the sky,  
The flaming bolt of wrath, the black abyss,  
Fair Eden's smiling bow'rs, and pure primeval bliss.

v. 417.

Continued.

Hark ! 'amorous *Sappho* wakes the plaintive lyre,  
Now *Pindar* breathes his soul in words of fire !  
Soft as the murmuring breeze, lone *Shenstone* sighs,  
Now fairy forms round *Spencer's* shade arise ;  
Lo ! poignant satire smiles on *Horace's* pen,  
Stern *Juvenal* now bids her frown again ;  
Round *Avon's* bard wild *Fancy* spreads her wings,  
And *Cambria's* genius sighs, while *Gray* her sorrows sings.  
Where *Thomson*, soft, to Nature tunes his strains,  
Lo ! varying seasons kindle o'er the plains ;  
Pleas'd with the song, the Nymphs and Nereides play,  
And woodland echo soft returns the lay.  
Now notes of thunder fill the sounding line—  
'Tis *Young*—he sweeps the solemn chords divine ;  
While myriads slumber, wrapp'd in silken dreams,  
Time, Death, and Friendship, dignify his themes ;  
And that unfathom'd dark and shoreless sea,  
That rolls, dear *Florio*, 'twixt thy soul and me !

---

---

Tribute to the memory of a friend.v. 435.

---

---

How bright the hues o'er Pleasure's field that pass,  
While Fancy views them through her optic glass;  
Yet while they shine magnificent, or gay,  
Time's withering touch sweeps all their pride away!  
Thus nightly meteors in autumnal skies  
A moment shine, then vanish from our eyes.  
With fruitless toil our youthful wishes climb,  
To steal enjoyment from the hand of Time.  
Short is the date to rosy Youth assign'd,  
Cares follow close, and Joy has wings of wind,  
Rash in resolve, and impotent in power,  
With hopes hung trembling on some distant hour.

Fair rose the morn, dear *Florio!* of thy days,  
Illum'd with Health and Love's benignant rays;  
High beat thy bosom with unknown delight,  
And years of joy illusive charm'd thy sight;  
When sudden, lo! each rising hope repress'd  
The darts of pain, deep buried in thy breast,

Through the blue veins the dire infection flies,  
Seals thy pale lips, and shuts thy rayless eyes!

Thy steps are vanish'd, where the noonday beam,  
Midst lilies glittering, gilds thy woodland stream;  
The aspens weep o'er Ouse's crystal tide,  
And sadness hovers near the greenwood side.  
For thee the joys and pains of life are o'er,  
The friend, the lover, views thy face no more.  
Low lies thy form, poor fellow worms among,  
Cold thy fond breast, and silent is thy tongue;  
Crush'd in the bud, and blighted ere thy prime,  
And swept unnoticed from the stage of Time.  
Still Love shall weep, and Friendship breathe a sigh,  
Where, mixed with earth, thy sacred relics lie.

Hail, holy Friendship! source of purest joy,  
No bribe can lure thee, and no time destroy.  
Perennial flower! whose ever-fragrant bloom  
Strews life's sad path, and decks the solemn tomb,



Thy genial balm can sweeten every care,  
Nor Hybla's nectar shall with thine compare!  
Fair source of Love's enraptur'd hour refin'd,  
Refulgent luminary of the mind!  
Thy lambent beams, of pure celestial fire,  
Refine each thought, exalt each mean desire.  
And blest is he, whose joy-elated eyes  
Behold the friend on whom his heart relies.  
Their mingling souls in purest union flow,  
With warmth reciprocal their bosoms glow,  
Sweet thrills each nerve, by warm affection strung,  
Mirth smiles around, and joy inspires the tongue,  
And heaven, regarding, sees its bliss impress'd  
On the fair tablet of the human breast!

Blest ties! that all congenial minds unite,  
To charm obtrusive cares with pure delight,  
Still o'er my breast your softest influence pour,  
Tho' youthful Friendship meets my steps no more.

v. 489.

Union of taste and nature.

And still, my soul ! some sacred moments lend,  
Dear to the memory of a youthful friend ;  
Seek the calm shades, revisit all the bowers,  
Where Contemplation charm'd our blissful hours,  
And that low shed, unnotic'd where it lies,  
Where rural genius nobly dared to rise ;  
Around his home what scenes of beauty glow,  
Bright as the watry sun-illumin'd bow.  
Nature and Genius o'er the whole preside,  
And Animation smiles on every side !  
Here glows the ruddy bloom of cheerful youth,  
There kind-ey'd Charity, and heavenly Truth,  
Sweet Mercy here, and Hope with lifted eyes,  
There Anguish weeps, and soft-ey'd Pity sighs,  
Here graces smile, and rustic Gladness sings,  
There Hymens spreads his toils, and Love his purple wings.  
And here, in beauteous miniature, arise  
Woods, meadows, streams, clad in their fairest dyes,

---

---

Lucinda at the grave of her lover.v. 307.

---

---

White rugged rocks, that bound the watry green,  
And heaven's blue dome, high-stretching o'er the scene.  
Creation smiles, in verdant robe arrayed,  
Each bolder charm, and soften'd grace display'd,  
And gives her plaudit to that hand sublime,  
That snatch'd her beauties from the grasp of Time.

And pencil'd there, by her own *Florio's* side,  
Lo! the fair nymph whom hope had made his bride.  
Her lily hand soft on his bosom press'd,  
His head reclined upon her glowing breast.  
O'er her warm cheek new blushes seem to rise,  
The light of love mild-beaming from her eyes.  
Poor, weeping maid! e'en now the melting view  
Wrings thy fond breast, and wakes thy griefs anew—  
“Forgive my tears (she cries) for tears must flow,  
Long as my pulse shall beat, my bosom glow,  
Not all the wealth that princes could impart,  
Should tear his dear resemblance from my heart.”

v. 325.

The parting scene.

“ Fixed was the day when Love should hail us blest,  
Ah! day of sorrows to this bleeding breast,  
A deadly tremor chills his youthful frame,  
Prelude of fever’s life-consuming flame.  
Alas, my *Florio*! none could heal thy pain,  
Affection weeps and Love implores in vain.”  
“ Say ye, who feel what love and friendship mean,  
What nameless anguish marked that parting scene.  
Again I view it—Ha! those lovely eyes!  
They swim in death, they close, he groans, he dies!  
I lock my arms around his lifeless clay,  
Sink on his breast, and breathe my soul away.”

Five gloomy years have wept o’er *Florio*’s tomb,  
Yet still in grief Lucinda wastes her bloom.  
Oft, while upon his silent urn she bends  
Disconsolate, the tear of love descends,  
And oft she turns with undiminish’d flame,  
To view the frail memorial of his name.

At Duty's call, when village tribes repair,  
To lift to heaven the notes of praise and prayer,  
Scarce is the tear, the struggling sigh repress,  
Slow as she treads, near where his ashes rest,  
Contending passions in her bosom move,  
Pure, fervent piety, and melting love.  
Aspiring now, she leaves all earthly care,  
Then looks to heaven,—and sees her *Florio* there!  
Nor thou alone, sad maid! his name revere,  
Each generous bosom holds his memory dear.  
A pitying tear bedews each maiden's bloom,  
And Art and Genius crown his laurell'd tomb.

Celestial Genius! whose empyreal flame  
Exalts the soul to heaven, from whence it came,  
Warm'd by a spark of thy creative fire,  
On beams of lightning bid my soul aspire!  
Around thy steps attend a chosen band,  
Pride of their kind, and glory of their land,

The Muse's symphonies delicious roll,  
Thrill the fine nerves, exalt the ravish'd soul.  
Philosophy bids superstition fly,  
And pierces nature with a Lynx's eye.  
On pencil'd canvass shines each graceful form,  
The marble glows with life and passion warm.  
And there sweet Poesy, creative art,  
Awakes the passions, warms the coldest heart;  
With deeds heroic sets the soul on fire,  
Or sweeps with plaintive touch soft Pity's melting lyre.

Where is your boast, whom purple robes infold,  
To honours born, and all enchanting gold?  
An empty name is e'en imperial birth,  
Honours are wind, and gold but shining earth.  
Superior worth, alone, can wreaths bestow,  
That grace a peasant's, or a monarch's brow!  
And Genius blooms, peculiar to no soil,  
The growth of Nature, not the meed of toil;

---

---

The buds of genius wither in obscurity.v. 579.

---

---

Yet oft her infant buds neglected lie,  
And feel the rudeness of a wintry sky,  
Unfelt the gleams of Fortune's sunny hour,  
Unpropp'd by Learning's all-sustaining power,  
Obscur'd by Gothic darkness, and decry'd  
By folly, blasted, crushed by letter'd pride,  
Its languid beauties feel a swift decay,  
And immature it sinks from life away.

So mourns Italia ! thy fair spreading vine,  
Chill'd on the northern feet of Appenine.  
Involved in shades, and winter's gelid reign,  
Whose icy sceptre blasts the shivering plain.  
Not thus the south rewards the planter's toil,  
Though such the plant, the culture, and the soil,—  
With tepid gales the mountain's breast is fann'd,  
And Flora's fingers dress the smiling land,  
Impending grapes in golden clusters shine,  
And every press o'erflows with mantling wine.

v. 597.

Noon-day.—The hawthorn shade.

Now radiant Phœbus mounts his noon-day seat,  
And fields of ether glow with light and heat.  
Lost is the freshness of the fragrant morn,  
No zephyr breathes, nor dew impearls the thorn.  
The flocks, recumbent, line the hedges cool;  
The panting heifer seeks the shady pool:  
Adown the peasant's brow big drops distil,  
And heat, reflected, trembles on each hill.

The genial coolness of yon hawthorn shade,  
Invites my steps, while sultry heats invade:  
Wide, stretching round, its thorny arms are spread,  
Clusters of milk-white flowers adorn its head;  
And Memory e'en that humble spot endears,  
Where many a pastime charm'd my infant years.  
• While here, alone, I pensive gaze around,  
Where little hands have grav'd the figur'd ground,  
Swift Fancy turns, with retrospective view,  
And paints the harmless sports of youth anew.



---

---

Youthful companions.v. 615.

---

---

Ye playful tribes! still Memory loves to trace  
The bloom of joy that flush'd in every face ;  
When here your squares and fairy rings ye drew,  
Or willow flutes, or oaten flagelets blew :  
Ere stern Adversity, with cares and pains,  
Check'd the wild fervour of your swelling veins.

Alas! those days of mirthful ease are o'er,  
Perhaps the mem'ry warms your hearts no more;  
Within your breast far other pleasures reign,  
Far other scenes your wand'ring feet detain.  
Some doom'd, perhaps, a varied fate to feel,  
Have seen the round of Fortune's circling wheel;  
Have bent to Opulence the suppliant knee,  
And eat the bread of peaceful industry;  
Have bath'd in love, and bask'd in pleasure's ray,  
Or felt the storms of Sorrow's wintry day.  
The rest, or fallen by Death's unsparing hand,  
Or friendless wanderers in their native land;

v. 633:

Address to Hope.—Rural content.

Or dragg'd to aid Ambition's bloody cause,  
To tread down Freedom, and insult her laws;  
To shut each door of pity in the breast,  
And ravage lands by ruffian pow'r oppress'd;  
To wade to fame, through fields of human blood,  
Or fall the victims of the infuriate flood.

But Hope! sweet charmer of the sorrowing mind,  
That whisperest joy with accents ever kind;  
O! give these eyes to view, with gen'rous pride,  
Some few with love and pleasure by their side;  
Not tempted from their youthful walks away,  
Nor forc'd in war's ensanguin'd fields to stray:  
Bless'd in the bounds of their paternal soil,  
With health and competence to cheer their toil.

Dear charming seat of love and social joy!  
No ruffian bands thy peaceful tribes annoy;  
No deathful conflict stains thy fields with gore,  
But distant far is war's infernal roar.

---

Unconquerable attachment to youthful scenes. v. 651.

---

How fond the youth, by fate compell'd to roam,  
From kindred far, and friends, and sacred home,  
Reverts his gaze, and lingers still to view  
Where life its calmest, purest pleasures knew.  
And still, when convex oceans roll between,  
And on he moves through many a distant scene,  
Midst all the charms of nature and of art,  
No spot appears congenial to his heart;  
No darling prejudice the soil endears,  
Unknown each face he views, each word he hears.

Perhaps, when on his peaceful couch he sleeps,  
Excursive Fancy sorrowing vigils keeps,  
From some far distant shore where rests his head,  
Transports him kindly to his parent shed,  
Where some fond father, or some lovely maid,  
Who mourns his absence, or implores his aid,  
Present their dear ideas to his eyes,  
And melt his breast with sympathising sighs.

All claim alliance with their native earth,  
Praise and revere the clime that gave them birth;  
Not less on steril plains and rugged rocks,  
Than where fair pastures feed ten thousand flocks:  
The potent sway of some mysterious charm  
Allays their cares, and shields from every harm.

The slave still loves his torrid groves and plains,  
And fond remembrance mitigates his pains:  
So the wild Scythian, where the summer's ray  
But idly shines, and mocks the frozen day;  
Feels a dear something to the rest unknown,  
Nor deems a nation happy as his own.  
And thus my heart with silent rapture bounds,  
Lone as I tread these well-remember'd grounds,  
Though half their charms revisit not my eyes,  
Though broke for ever Nature's softest ties!

Bright gleams the sun in ev'ry purling stream,  
And insect nations wanton in the beam;

---

Harvest scene.—The angler.

---

v. 687.

Fair o'er the lawn the yellow cowslips spread,  
Midst rising clover bend their modest head:  
And thither flits the bee on filmy wing,  
To revel in the nectar'd sweets of spring.

A joyous scene the rising harvest yields,  
Herds graze around, and tillage crowns the fields.  
The ploughman drives his team with naked breast,  
Beside the thorn the shepherd lolls at rest,  
In the cool stream the cowherd stems the waves,  
And there the truant trembles as he laves.  
The watchful angler, near yon verdant spray,  
Now trolls the line, now lifts the silver prey.

But, lo! the Sun his flaming car has driven,  
Refulgent o'er the midway path of heaven;  
And now his slacken'd reins the hour disclose,  
When labour seeks refreshment and repose.  
Fields, meadows, woods, and streams their charms display,  
Illum'd by him, bright charioteer of day.

---

v. 705. The peasant's method of ascertaining the hour of the day.

---

To him the weary peasant turns his eyes,  
Fair circling o'er his dial-plate, the skies;  
Th' extended palm his attitude reveals,  
As through the etherial blue expanse he wheels:  
The measur'd shade, the steeples darken'd side,  
The window glitt'ring in its noonday pride,  
Mills, gleaming spires, fair villas, point the place,  
And stand the hour-marks of his daily race.

Nor let the splendid sons of wealth disdain,  
These simple arts that mark the rural train;  
Ere long shall all that costly arts display,  
Grow mean with time, and useless with decay;  
And the grand pile, magnificently spread,  
Sink undistinguish'd with the peasant's shed.

Mark, where yon pilgrim casts his anxious eyes,  
What ruins frown beneath the western skies;  
Luxuriant weeds spread o'er each mould'ring wall,  
And scarce the high-rais'd roof protracts its fall.

Thou ruin'd mansion! and ye sylvan shades!  
With rural temples deck'd, and gay arcades;  
Low lies your gen'rous owner with the dead,  
Alas! with her, your noblest charms are fled.  
Yet loves the Muse to sing your ancient scenes,  
Your fairy walks and flower-embroider'd greens;  
Dear seats, where Pity's soft, benignant flame  
Casts a fair lustre on *Sophronia's* name.  
Hail, blest Philanthropy! thou nymph divine,  
Thy heart is tender, and thy hand benign;  
To thee Affliction turns her tearful eye,  
To thee Misfortune lifts her piercing cry:  
And, O! 'tis thine, wild Rapine to confound,  
To pour the lenient balm in ev'ry wound;  
Compassion's mantle o'er the sick to throw,  
To wipe the sorrows from the cheek of woe,  
To make the fond connubial union blest,  
And calm the widow's agonizing breast.

v. 741.

Happy effects of a well-placed benevolence.

O'er the wide globe, O, may thy lustre shine!  
While seraphs bend around thy hallow'd shrine;  
Nor she the meanest of that heavenly throng,  
Whose honour'd name exalts my feeble song.

While Heaven, indulgent, all her wishes crown'd,  
And golden plenty shone her steps around,  
Compassionate each injury to redress,  
Humane to all, and gen'rous to distress;  
In peaceful solitude her years she led,  
The naked cover'd, and the hungry fed.

By her endow'd, yon neat asylum rose,  
Bless'd seat, where age and sickness meet repose;  
Where youth, instructed, hail that guardian name,  
That led their feet from ignorance and shame;  
And hapless females, torn from Vice's power,  
With tears of joy recal th' auspicious hour.

Beneath yon roof, that still exalts its form,  
And bends and trembles in the wintry storm,



Sat Hospitality, with aspect bland,  
And scatter'd plenty with a liberal hand :  
Hither the sons of Want and Sickness flew,  
And thence a solace of their griefs they drew.  
But chief, the friendless orphan mov'd her breast,  
Whom ne'er a parent's guardian arms caress'd;  
Still kindest found to mis'ry's helpless train,  
Condemn'd to gloomy poverty and pain,  
As Luna turns her cheering rays to shed,  
Round the bleak pole when day's fair beams are fled.  
Much honour'd shade! thy virtuous toil is o'er,  
And thou canst give, and they receive no more.  
Cold is that breast that sigh'd for others' woe,  
And dried those tears that Pity taught to flow;  
And now, perhaps, pale Want, with haggard mien  
And tatter'd garb, stalks o'er the sadden'd green;  
Domestic sorrow prints the mourning land,  
That smil'd beneath thy all-consoling hand."

v. 777.

A sad reversion.

So in a wild, where lowing herds abound,  
And bleating flocks, disporting, graze around,  
Some rev'rend oak, of tall aspiring form,  
Expands its boughs, a shelter from the storm.  
Beneath its shade, the peaceful people lie,  
Nor fear the tempest that embroils the sky;  
Let thunders rage, the beating hail descend,  
Wild torrents pour, and all the forest bend,  
Secure they lie—secure from ev'ry blow,  
But that alone that lays their guardian low!

Alas! no more, fair-beaming to the sky,  
That beauteous mansion meets the sorrowing eye;  
Time's breath, corrosive, has its charms defac'd,  
Thrown down its columns, laid its splendors waste,  
While the high tott'ring turrets that remain,  
Impending, menace, each approaching swain.

No more the hall, with savoury viands stor'd,  
Invites the hungry to a liberal board;

No poor unfortunate relief acquires,  
Victim of sweeping floods, or wasting fires;  
Still'd is the voice of every mirthful sound,  
And desolation frowns on all around.  
Long in the time-flaws of the high-rai'd dome,  
Each bird obscene has found a dismal home:  
Immur'd in darkness, thence the screech-owl lone  
Grates on the ear with harsh nocturnal moan;  
Thence the night-raven daunts with boding cry,  
And ghosts ideal meet the timid eye.

No more, Pomona! there, inclos'd from view,  
Bedrops her trees with fruits of beauteous hue,  
Delicious sweets, or fitted to assuage  
Autumnal drought, or quench the fever's rage.  
No more you shine, the ruin'd walls among,  
No more your nectar cools the burning tongue;  
Your bloom is wither'd, and your glory fled,  
And there foul thistles grow and brambles spread.

Where the fair nectarine grac'd the sunny walls  
Rank nettles rise, and darkening ivy crawls.  
Midst ruin'd heaps, each noxious reptile dwells,  
And shadows stalk along the gloomy cells.

And lovely Flora! thy enchanting bow'rs,  
Inwreath'd with woodbines, fring'd with shining flow'rs;  
Thy shaded walks and smooth espaliers green,  
Thy vistas opening ev'ry pleasing scene,  
To shapeless ruin all their charms are thrown,  
With prickly briars, moss, and sedge o'ergrown.

And thus, alas! must beauty's charms decay,  
And youth's delicious moments die away;  
Health, strength, and pleasure bend their distant flight,  
Nor revolvant pinion bear them back to sight;  
Delusive shine, with gay ephemeron prime,  
And sink oblivious in the gulph of time.

Let here, methinks, the shades of pleasures play,  
That charm'd the dawn of life's young rising day,

---

Commencement of a virtuous passion.

---

v. 917.

The loveliest maid of all the virgin train,  
That e'er, dear village! grac'd thy smiling plain.

Her parents humble, decent, and retir'd,  
Nor grandeur knew, nor opulence desir'd,  
Content in life's sequester'd vale to tread,  
While young *Aurelia* bless'd their nuptial bed;  
And pleas'd, they saw soft beauty's radiant dyes  
Grace her fair form, and ray her azure eyes,  
And lovelier Virtue's sacred charms impress'd,  
Guide her pure lips, and brighten all the rest.

Fair shone the morn that clos'd her sixteenth year,  
And Sol, unclouded, op'd his gay career;  
Green-vested Spring smil'd o'er th' enamell'd scene,  
And breath'd around her influence serene:  
When lone, amidst these solitudes she stray'd,  
Where vernal choirs symphonious charm the shade;  
Haply, to pick some flowers amidst that wild  
Where all the dew-born gems of Spring have smil'd,

v. 935-

Address to love.

She, fairer flower than all that e'er adorn  
The gay parterre, or scent the breath of morn !  
As Eve appear'd in Eden's sacred seats,  
Midst groves of myrtle and ambrosial sweets;  
Thus her fair daughter grac'd the bowery scene,  
Scarce less her innocence or lovely mien !

Retirement seeking where the verdant bowers,  
With waving umbrage, cool the sultry hours,  
*Favonius* there, beneath a myrtle shade,  
Beheld, alone, that all-enchancing maid—  
Swift through each nerve the soft infection flies,  
And Love's emotions kindle in his eyes !

All-conquering Love ! mild tyrant of the mind,  
Destin'd to tame and soften human kind;  
O ! might each heart that female charms allure,  
Like his, be gen'rous, undisguis'd, and pure.

A rural youth he was, of spotless fame,  
High in descent, and worth, and noble name;

Yet every pride of birth, and rank resign'd,  
Those bars of happiness, and chains of mind;  
He mild approach'd—while modest she retir'd,  
And now with all the soul of love inspir'd,  
“Dear nymph,” he cries, “whose beauties can impart  
A charm to melt the coldest stoic's heart,  
If pure Affection's ardent vow can move,  
Accept the hand of undissembled love.”  
And now, while soft her lily hand he press'd,  
A timid tear bedew'd her flowery vest;  
“Ah, me!” she cries, “in unsuspecting hour,  
I kneel the friendless victim of thy pow'r;  
Yet generous minds will pity the distress'd,  
And, O! if love, or honour, warm thy breast!  
Detain me not in this unseemly place,  
Nor tinge my burning blushes with disgrace.”  
“Why mourns my fair,” the generous youth replies,  
“Ah! why shall fears becloud those lovely eyes!

v. 971.

The story continued.

Sweet innocent! thy angel form inspires  
The tenderest passion and the purest fires;  
And, O! if wealth, if love, can make thee blest,  
Be every sorrow banish'd from thy breast."  
And now, reliev'd from every anxious care,  
A modest blush adorn'd the beauteous fair,  
Bright as Aurora kindles o'er the sky,  
When Night's dark shadows from the landscape fly,  
She now appears, and her unrival'd charms  
Shone with new lustre from her late alarms.  
How throbs each pulse, and glows his amorous breast,  
With virtuous love's commutual sense impress'd!  
Won by the force of every female grace,  
He fondly clasp'd her in a soft embrace;  
Nor long the time e'er to the sacred fane  
He led her blushing midst her bridal train.

In that bless'd hour that seal'd their mutual flame,  
And chang'd the lover's for a dearer name;



How heaves her breast, what transports fire her eyes,  
Now rapture glows—now timid doubts arise,  
Now love assenting, pallid fear recalls,  
And scarcely from her lips the yielding accent falls.  
Not so, *Favonius!* who with noble mind,  
To modest worth his nuptial hand resign'd,  
Each action dignified, each word serene,  
Love's tend'ring thoughts still bright'ning o'er his mind,  
Graceful he decks her with the mystic sign,  
That bids their souls in endless love combine.  
Then leads her kind to feasts luxurious spread,  
Where all the graces deck their nuptial bed,  
While youths with newblown flow'rets strew their way,  
And round their steps soft hymeneals play.

Endearing state! when love conjoins the hands  
And hearts of youth in soft connubial bands.  
O sweet attractions of congenial minds,  
When nature guides, and mutual passion binds,

v. 1007.

Increase of domestic felicity.

Pure happiness! if such on earth reside,  
And never must be yours, ye sons of Lust and Pride.

Thrice trac'd the sun his wide, ethereal round,  
The seasons leading through the blue profound;  
And still with every soft endearment blest,  
Communal raptures glow'd in either breast;  
Each passion tun'd to harmony and love,  
On wings of mirth the blissful moments move,  
Soul-breathing fondness every word inspires,  
And pure esteem exalts their nuptial fires;  
And now she feels—such was her ardent pray'r,  
The pleasing promise of a mother's care,  
While her fond spouse, exulting, owns with pride,  
The bands of love in closest union tied.

Thrice happy pair! sure Envy's self might view,  
Nor seek to wound a love so pure, so true;  
Extatic bliss, unmix'd with Pain's alloy,  
How few must taste—and none must long enjoy!

Fair fruit of love! thou never knew'st to share  
The fond caresses of maternal care;  
Scarce had thy lips inhal'd the vital breath,  
Ere sunk thy parent to the shades of death.—  
Lo, where in hopeless agony she lies,  
While floods of sorrow drown the father's eyes!—  
How fond he bends across her dying bed,  
Till every ebbing hope of life is fled!—  
Alas! each feature marks the certain doom  
That wraps her beauties in th' unconscious tomb;  
Languid she turns, her weeping lord to view,  
And grasps his hand to breathe her last adieu.  
“Death's icy hand sits chill in every pore,  
And I must rise to health, and love no more.  
Yet still *Eliza* lives to bless thy years,  
And soothe the anguish of a father's tears;  
Clasp'd to thy breast with fond parental glow,  
Thy poor *Aurelia*, ne'er was born to know.”

Unhappy man! what language shall impart  
The cruel pangs that wound thy bleeding heart?  
In vain he turns, with eyes of love, to trace  
The rose and lily blooming on her face,  
And sees the radiance of those orbs expire,  
That erst were lighted with celestial fire;  
Sees the wan hues of parting life impress'd,  
And dire convulsions tear her lab'ring breast;  
Feels the weak fluttering pulses sink away,  
While Nature struggles in her last decay;—  
Then a fond look of parting love she cast,  
And press'd his hand, and sigh'd, and breath'd her last.

Dread Messenger! whose unrelenting arm  
Dissolves the force of each endearing charm,  
Destroys the proudest stays of human trust,  
And sinks the fairest hopes of youth in dust.  
With tenfold horror, and redoubled smart,  
On poor *Aurelia* sunk thy fatal dart!—

Consign'd to cold Oblivion's dreary pow'r,  
In bloom of life, and Nature's fondest hour!

As sportive oft his infant fair he sees,  
Lisping his name, and clinging round his knees,  
While all the parent kindles in his breast,  
He views *Aurelia* in each charm impress'd;—  
Ah, painful scene! to sorrowing mem'ry dear,  
No fond parental smile unconscious of a tear!

In eve's still hours how oft he turns to tread,  
The sacred turf that blossoms round her head;  
Or wanders, lonely, to that woodland bower,  
Where first his heart confess'd Love's magic power;  
There breathes to Philomel his love-lorn strain,  
Recals his grief, and cherishes each pain;  
Still bids each tender, loved idea rise,  
Invokes her shade with never-ceasing sighs:  
Repose and pleasure tempt his eyes in vain,  
He wipes his tears—but turns to weep again!

v. 1079.

Love and friendship.

Sweet are the tears that Love or Friendship shed  
O'er the still ashes of the honour'd dead ;  
And dear each relic of the lovely name,  
That wakes the feelings of a youthful flame.

Mysterious Mem'ry ! none attempts to fly  
Thy barbed shafts, thy fascinating eye,  
Thy soothing melancholy charms the heart,  
And oft in balm is dipp'd thy keenest dart !  
By yon dark yews *Aurelia's* urn appears,  
Sad scene of young *Favonius'* frequent tears.

Stranger ! that wand' rest where these dark'ning yews  
Around thy feet a solemn shade diffuse,  
If e'er thy lips her dying form impress'd,  
Who, young and blooming, all thy soul possess'd ;  
Oh ! let *Aurelia's* fate this spot endear,  
Bedew her urn with Mem'ry's sacred tear ;  
Where yon tall, mould'ring fane attracts the eye,  
On earth's cold lap her mortal relics lie.

---

Sunset—Night.

---

v. 1097.

---

Ah, nymph! ere while adorn'd with ev'ry grace,  
No beam of beauty now illumines thy face;  
With elegance of form no more must shine  
Thy polish'd limbs, thy countenance divine;  
No intellectual ray thy mien informs,  
No spark of Nature's fire thy bosom warms.

    The light-rob'd Hours their shining course have run,  
And low descends the chariot of the Sun,  
With glowing orb enlarg'd he sets serene,  
While amber clouds sail slowly o'er the scene;  
Insensibly the viewless dews descend,  
Gigantic shadows o'er the landscape bend,  
And bright'ning, as his ling'ring beams retire,  
Yon eastern villa glows with roseate fire.  
Welcome, calm Eve! thy fingers wet with dew,  
Enwrap the world in robe of sombre hue;  
Night's rising gloom the orient scene inshrouds,  
And Vesper twinkles through the western clouds.

v. 1115.

The nightingale.

The filial smile now welcomes home the sire,  
And sports and gambols charm his ev'ning fire;  
The jocund song is silent on the plain,  
The hurdled cotes their fleecy care contain,  
The village echoes sound with notes of play,  
And Philomela tunes her wonted lay.

Sweet warbling minstrel of the echoing shades!  
No anxious care thy calm retreat invades,  
While fond thy vernal serenades impart,  
The rapturous breathings of an amorous heart.  
Plaintive recluse! fair emblem of the mind,  
That woos in solitude a joy refin'd;  
Far from the noise of life's wild mad'ning throng,  
Obstreperous mirth, or lewd barbarian song,  
To thee I turn, to spend a pensive hour,  
While night hangs lurid o'er thy fav'rite bow'r,  
Where yon broad oaks their ragged arms outspread,  
Dark bending o'er the nightly pilgrim's head;



There oft, 'tis said, terrific spectres stalk,  
O'er pale Credulity's nocturnal walk.  
There hands, inhuman, rais'd the bloody knife,  
With murderous aim against a brother's life;  
Appall'd, pale Phœbe saw the guiltless bleed,  
Remaining gore reveal'd the atrocious deed!

Oft round the wintry fire, to audience pale,  
Grey-headed age repeats the fearful tale.  
In the dark wood dim-glimmering lights are seen,  
Quick-glancing ghosts rush by, of haggard mien;  
Vile imprecations, indistinct, and cries  
Imploring pity, through the gloom arise:  
Now dismal sounds of death the ear invade,  
And lamentations echo through the glade!"

Sunk in the depth of Time are threescore years,  
Nor lights are seen, nor pallid ghost appears;  
Yet still the timid youths their fears betray,  
Nor thro' that gloomy path at night direct their way.

v. 1151.

Visionary plans.

Each hour is youth, ere years have steel'd the breast,  
With hope elated, or with fear depress'd.  
If o'er the soul Hope's smiling beams arise,  
Joy swells the bosom, sparkles in the eyes,  
And trivial dangers magnified by fears,  
Drown the gay smile of infancy in tears.  
And oft the tales that chill'd the youthful breast,  
Long years remain indelibly impress'd;  
And he, who dauntless brav'd the deathful fight,  
Still fears the visionary shades of night.

Serene Philosophy! before whose eye  
Pale Superstition's magic fictions fly.  
Light of the soul! whose all-pervading ray,  
O'er Gothic ignorance pours a flood of day:  
Say, when the visual orbs are clos'd in death,  
And lungs no more inspire the vital breath,  
When the cold heart no ebbing currents fill,  
And ev'ry throbbing pulse of life is still,

When sleeps this mortal in the silent tomb,  
Can the free soul no human shape assume?  
Have Nature's dearest ties no power to bind,  
To this terrestrial scene the immortal mind?  
Must dire Oblivion's flood be ferry'd o'er,  
The friend forgot, the lover lov'd no more.  
Light of the soul! such sceptic lore gainsay,  
And cheer the heart of man, and guide him on his way.

**THE**

**PROGRESS OF AGRICULTURE;**

**OR,**

***THE RURAL SURVEY.***

---

New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the eye,  
And all th' enliven'd country beautify ;  
Gay plains extend where marshes slept before ;  
O'er recent meads th' exulting streamlets fly ;  
Dark-frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' store,  
And woods embrown the steep, or wave along the shore.  
**CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.**

**F**

## ARGUMENT.

*Farewell to Spring.—Rich Prospect of the Fields.—Praise of the Climate.—Invocation.—Confused State of ancient Agriculture.—A barren Heath.—Rabbits.—A Moor.—Ignis fatuus.—Low Meadows.—Fens.—Happy Effects of scientific Cultivation.—Increase of Population.—Improvement of Heaths.—New Cottages, with large Garden, or Allotments.—Swamp drained, burned, &c.—Reservoirs for Irrigation.—Open Fields inclosed.—New Farm.—Flocks—improved Breed.—Hay Harvest.—Winter Food.—Happiness, a rural Life.—The intelligent Farmer.—The Peasant's Complaint "on Monopolies, Inhospitality, War, &c."—The Consolation.—Eulogium on the Great and Good.—Vision of Hope.—Universal Joy on the unexpected Return of Peace.*

THE  
PROGRESS OF AGRICULTURE.

---

**G**AY Spring, adieu! sweet emblem of that age  
When thy fair scenes the opening mind engage;  
Fled are thy odorous gems of various hue,  
Thy young-ey'd graces vanish'd from my view,  
And Summer, hast'ning on with train sublime,  
Waves his bright sceptre o'er each northern clime.

Behold! while Phœbus, golden prince of day,  
Refulgent speeds his high ethereal way,  
How pant the herds beneath his burning beam,  
How glow the fields, how glitters ev'ry stream:  
Wak'd to new life, by his concoctive power,  
The pulpy fruit succeeds the painted flower;

Through vegetable veins rich nectar flows,  
With sun-dy'd tints the blushing fruit-tree glows;  
Rich, mealy corn extends the swelling ear,  
Exub'rant plenty smiles, and crowns th' exulting year.  
O, blest Britannia! on thy favour'd isle,  
The mildest suns, the softest seasons smile;  
Not long the breath of winter chills thy plains,  
Or fervid summer melts thy toiling swains,  
Ere genial Spring the mellow'd soil unbinds,  
Ere lib'ral Autumn glads thy lab'ring hinds.

Calm are thy seasons, fruitful is thy soil,  
Yet much to art is due and manual toil.  
What woody wastes and vast savannahs spread,  
Columbia, where thy artless Indians tread  
Extensive, fertile scenes, that never bore  
The harness'd team, nor smil'd with Ceres' store;  
And still, O Albion! favourite of the skies,  
'On thy fair bosom many a desert lies.

But lovelier scenes th' extensive prospect fill,  
That spreads, O \*\*\*\*\*! round thy fir-crown'd hill,  
To yon blue hills, that bound my wide survey,  
Nature and art their mingled pride display.  
Ah, come! ye powers, that shun the noisy throng,  
To pour your graces o'er the rural song:  
Come, thou fair Muse, that tun'd the Mantuan lyre,  
With tuneful notes my pastoral reed inspire;  
And Ceres, patron of the Georgic train,  
Let thy great name exalt my artless strain;  
For, as the radiant gems of night decay,  
Absorb'd and lost amid the blaze of day,  
All arts retire, eclips'd in thy fair fame,  
And commerce shrinks from thy imperial name.

Puresource of wealth, from whose auspicious smile  
Flows all the wealth, the glory of the isle;  
Thy herds and flocks a thousand meads adorn,  
Oaks clothe thy hills, thy valleys golden corn:



Adown thy dales meand'ring currents glide,  
Whose silvery waves reflect thy various pride;  
And farms and cottages, on ev'ry hand,  
Pour forth their rural groups to dress the fertile land.

Yet have I seen, nor long elaps'd the day,  
When yon rich vale in rude disorder lay;  
Each scanty farm disspread o'er many a mile,  
The fences few, ill-cultur'd half the soil;  
Seen rushy slips contiguous roods divide,  
Mid worthless commons boundless stretching wide,  
Where ev'ry owner sought his proper land,  
By rude initials in the grass-grown sand.

In vain the culturer, in this anarch state,  
Employs his skill, all share a common fate.  
Oft on his soil th' encroaching plough-share glows,  
Nor bound by art, but custom's law he sows.  
He dooms the thistly race to death, in vain!  
They flow'r secure o'er all th' adjacent plain:

---

---

v. 67.

Confused state of ancient agriculture.

---

---

While o'er his soil the downy nuisance sails,  
 Borne on the wing of summer's gentlest gales;  
 And e'en, when autumn's gifts his labours crown,  
 He reaps a *tenth* he must not call his own.

Seest thou yon rising ground, that far extends,  
 Till heaven's blue concave on its verge descends :  
 A formless waste, through many a year it lay,  
 Unfenc'd, untill'd, in nature's rude array;  
 Pierc'd with the mellowing frost, the vernal rain,  
 And fann'd with summer's rip'ning breath in vain;  
 There wand'ring flocks, by lonely shepherds led,  
 On russet ling, or dwarfish verdure fed;  
 Scarce known to them the sweet return of spring,  
 No flow'r to blush, nor plummy choir to sing.  
 Lo! still the ruins of their humble shed,  
 Half sunk in earth, with heathy sods o'erspread,  
 Destin'd a safe retreat from drenching show'rs,  
 The boreal snows, and summer's burning hours.

Arabia! thus thy torrid tracts appear  
O'er many a barren league of deserts drear;  
But, ah! far happier the wild scenes I view,  
Whose naked sands no bloody frays imbrue:  
O'er bless'd Britannia strays no savage horde,  
No arm'd banditti lift the lawless sword.

Oft as I walk'd, when ev'ry breath was still,  
O'er the rough convex of yon russet hill,  
Around my feet the timorous, light-heel'd race,  
By night embolden'd, left their hiding place;  
Cropp'd the young herbs, and frequent tripp'd away,  
Sportive and bold in Cynthia's dubious ray.  
Unknowing they what dark, insidious snares,  
T' arrest their steps, the art of man prepares.  
Inur'd to blood, 'tis thus the savage chace  
Invites the houseless, vagrant, Scythian race:  
Amidst the woods the furry ermines hide,  
Elks, rein-deer, foxes, o'er the valleys glide;

---

---

v. 103.

A moor.—*Ignis fatuus.*

---

---

And these to hunt, along th' eternal snows,  
Is all the joy the shiv'ring native knows.

Where is that swamp that oft has met my eyes,  
While morn's first blush suffus'd the orient skies?  
Dull scene! where Nature, with herself at strife,  
Teem'd but with useless vegetable life.

The soil, with rains and secret streamlets fed,  
Unstable grew, and quak'd beneath the tread.  
Foul, stagnant pools rose o'er the dark morass,  
With rushes fring'd, and chok'd with sedgy grass;  
And frequent thence mephitic vapours sprung,  
Which all the peasants' brawny nerves unstrung;  
And oft, when Night's dark mantle cloth'd the sky,  
Phosphoric glimmerings met the traveller's eye;  
Delusive lights o'er faithless pools that play,  
And tempt th' unwary to a dangerous way.

Though firm the soil of yon irriguous plain,  
Where Ouse meandering leads his Naiad train;

Yet oft, when summer bade his showers extend,  
And rushing torrents from the heavens descend,  
Swift down the hills the tumbling waters pour,  
Glide o'er the vales, and whiten round the shore.  
The river now, by confluent currents fed,  
Amidst his willows lifts his reed-crown'd head,  
Rolls o'er the banks, and unresisted spreads  
A shining deluge o'er th' adjacent meads.  
Driven from his home, the ruin'd peasant flies,  
While all his farm a watry mirror lies;  
And drops, perhaps, an unavailing tear  
O'er the lost hopes that charm'd th' auspicious year.

Where classic Cam, with Ouse's placid tide,  
In confluence to the eastern ocean glide,  
Whole vales, that long had slept beneath the stream,  
Now wave their corn in summer's rip'ning beam.  
Drawn from the bosom of each liquid vale  
By mills, whose vanes obey the whistling gale,

The vagrant waters seek their parent flood,  
And teeming Nature clothes th' unsightly mud.  
The soil to guard, when wintry torrents pour,  
High-swelling mounds extend on ev'ry shore;  
Whose giant strength defies th' impetuous surge,  
While floods and storms their mightiest efforts urge.

Thus, long Batavia lay a swampy waste,  
Supine, in ocean's watry arms embrac'd,  
Till art and agriculture's genial reign,  
Subdu'd th' amphibious empire of the main.

And thus, around my natal soil I see  
The bless'd effects of peaceful industry.  
And thine, fair Freedom ! thine the gen'rous hand  
That guards, improves, and dignifies the land :  
If thou but smile, fair Ceres' jocund train  
Spread, o'er the trembling swamp, th' unfertile plain ;  
Or spend on wilds, or frowning heaths, the day,  
While seasons rise, and gradual roll away.

---

---

Increase of population.v. 157.

---

---

At length subdu'd and tam'd th' obdurate soil,  
Abundant harvests crown their various toil:  
Pomona decks their trees with flow'ry gems,  
With gold and rubies loads the burden'd stems;  
Or vegetation's humbler powers expand  
A painted carpet o'er the smiling land.      ..  
Hence population, in the arms of peace  
Reclining, sees the social train increase;  
Sees farms and cottages innumerable rise,  
With recent churches pointing to the skies;  
And Commerce proudly bids her gay canals  
Pierce through the hills and shine along the dales;  
While o'er her streams the waving pennant's fly,  
And wealthy cities meet th' astonish'd eye.

Lo! the wild heath, where starv'ling flocks have stray'd  
Mid scatter'd fern to seek a shrivel'd blade;  
Where, hid in many a subterranean den,  
The furry people shunn'd the view of men;

Lost are its fleet inhabitants, its flocks  
 No longer pine o'er ling and arid rocks.  
 There oft the plough has turn'd the glowing sand,  
 The spade, the pickaxe, smooth'd the rugged land;  
 Harrows sharp-tooth'd, and rolls, with pond'rous toil,  
 Have pulveriz'd and cleans'd the weedy soil;  
 Manures and argil o'er the surface spread,  
 Fix'd the loose sands consistent to their bed.  
 Hence, many a year has seen their harvests glow  
 In emulous rivalry of fertile vales below;  
 And, e'en where steep the rocky heights arose,  
 The verdant fir, the larch aspiring grows;  
 Array'd in gold, here broom adorns the scene,  
 Or humbler gorse, deck'd in eternal green.  
 Thus, Caledonia sees her hills array'd,  
 When keen-edg'd frost and fleecy snows invade:  
 Thus verdant pines Norwegian mountains grace,  
 When Nature sleeps in Winter's cold embrace.



Whose are yon roofs that rise beside the hill?  
Whose humble names those decent mansions fill?  
What, though nor stone, nor brick the walls sustain,  
Nor slate, nor tile, avert the falling rain,  
Content and happiness may there reside,  
Nor breathe one sigh for seats of costly pride.  
His *little field* th' industrious peasant plants,  
Richly supplying all domestic wants;  
And oft retir'd, at noon-day's burning hour,  
Where arching woodbines weave a fragrant bow'r,  
Bless'd with all joys, that *ever bless'd the poor*,  
He views the *cypher* figur'd o'er his door,  
And breathes, when slaves and bigot minds defame,  
A grateful sigh to gen'rous *Russel's* name.

How firm the surface of yon ancient moor  
Where sedgy swamps, unknown to Ceres' store,  
Long ages lay a fibrous, spongy mass,  
Unsafe for beast, or human foot to pass.

---

v. 211.

Swamp drained and burned.

---

Deep, through the soft consistence of the soil,  
 The delving lab'ers urg'd incessant toil;  
 Behind them, yawning fissures mark their way,  
 Sunk to the bed of gravel, sand, or clay.  
 The earth return'd; through hidden tracks, below,  
 Incessant streams still, gently oozing, flow;  
 Till gradual harden'd, in the solar beam,  
 The arid glebe invites the harness'd team.—  
 The verdure fades in summer's fervid air,  
 And lab'ring hinds consuming fires prepare;  
 Swift, from the heap'd-up sedgy clods arise,  
 Blue curling volumes dark'ning half the skies,  
 With mould'ring flames the glowing hillocks burn,  
 Till all dissolv'd to fertile ashes turn.

Happy the man who thus employs his toil,  
 With scorching fires to fertilize the soil!  
 While sons of blood, with fell demoniac hand,  
 O'er trembling nations lift the flaming brand;

He rests secure, nor views th' ensanguin'd car,  
Nor hears the hoarse, tremendous voice of War.

Lo, where the ameliorating flames were tried,  
A fairer aspect beams on every side.  
No longer now the cattle walk with dread,  
Nor sink, ingulph'd, as o'er the mire they tread;  
No noxious fumes from stagnant pools arise,  
Nor lights nocturnal, cheat the trav'ler's eyes;  
But there the oat its quiv'ring bells displays,  
The barley whitens in the tropic blaze;  
The wheat, fair crest in Nature's diadem,  
Unripe, yet trembles on its yellow stem;  
And scented zephyrs court the new-mown hay,  
White-blossom'd beans, and pease with crimson gay.

And hence convey'd, the subterranean rills,  
By springs replenish'd from contiguous hills,  
Roll on to reservoirs beside the mead,  
A watery store reserv'd till times of need.

v. 247.

Continued.

If chance the year its genial showers deny,  
 When Sol o'er nature darts his piercing eye,  
 The gates unbarr'd, th' imprison'd waters flow  
 Diffusive o'er the thirsty plains below;  
 Round the parch'd roots, the soft'ning drops pervade,  
 Distend the stem, expand the shrivel'd blade;  
 From op'ning pores aërial streams exude,  
 And Vegetation feels her powers renew'd.

Thus, Ethiopia! o'er thy arid plains,  
 When burning skies deny th' accustom'd rains,  
 And parch'd with hopeless drought the pilgrims stray,  
 Lost and bewilder'd in their trackless way;  
 If chance some riv'let meets their anxious view,  
 Or one dark cloud obscures th' etherial blue,  
 Through every nerve returning spirits fly,  
 Glow in each breast, and shine in every eye.

Near yon gay plain, the huntman's early horn  
 Oft woke the slumb'ring echoes of the morn;

G

---

---

Open fields inclosed.—New farms.v. 28g.

---

---

While, o'er the wide champaign, no thicket rose,  
To shelter Reynard from his mortal foes,  
Spread o'er the fallow clods, the rushy sward,  
Promiscuous flocks the scanty herbage shar'd,  
Ploughs, harrows, rolls, subdued the stubborn soil,  
From distant hamlets mingling in their toil;  
But, Industry, thy unremitting hand  
Has chang'd the formless aspect of the land.  
To distant fields no more the peasants roam,  
Their cottage-lands and farms surround their home;  
And hawthorn fences, stretch'd from side to side,  
Contiguous pastures, meadows, fields divide.

Seest thou afar, near Ouse's placid stream,  
Yon casements glitt'ring in the evening beam:  
Of late, the lapwing built her nest alone,  
In those dull scenes, unheeded, and unknown:  
But now, see! stables, granaries, barns extend,  
White fences shine, and household smokes ascend;

---

---

v 283.

Flocks of sheep.

---

---

Carts roll their pond'rous loads, and flails resound,  
And oxen low, and horses neigh around.

Whate'er of fragrance woos the passing gale,  
Now scents the bosom of the flowery vale;  
Whate'er of fruits the British islands know,  
There bloom in spring, in fervid summer glow;  
And though, Britannia, climates mild as thine,  
Not India's spices boast, nor Gallic wine;  
Though here no fig, nor priz'd anana grows,  
Nor golden orange in thy vineyards glows;  
Nor that sweet cane—the curse of many an isle;  
Nor gold, nor diamonds sleep beneath thy soil;  
Yet thy own wealth attracts the richest stores  
With power magnetic to thy favour'd shores.  
And chief thy flocks, that crown each mountain's brow,  
And deck each vale, from these thy riches flow;  
These meet my view, innumerable grazing wide,  
Their unshorn lambs yet sporting by their side.

---

Improved breed.—Hay harvest.v. 301.

---

Some destin'd soon, by unrelenting fate,  
To smoke on tables of the rich and great;  
But those of finest shape, and noblest size,  
Again must view the vernal year arise,  
Spread their young progeny around the land,  
And yield their fleeces to the shearer's hand.  
These eyes have seen when ant-hills cloth'd yon fields,  
And gorse where clover now its fragrance yields,  
And swells its cluster'd flowers: behold how tall  
The stems uprise, and waving wait their fall!  
Hence fragrant ricks and glowing cones shall rise,  
Reserv'd till vegetation shrinks and dies;  
Till yon fair spotted tribes, that range the dale,  
And frequent wait the ruddy milkmaid's pail,  
View the gay plains where verdure wont to glow,  
Incas'd in ice; or buried deep in snow.

Benignant clime! here autumn's choicest store  
Fails not, while winter's latest tempests roar!

v. 819.

Winter food.

Far other scenes proclaim his tyrant-reign,  
Where chill Siberia bounds the northern main,  
All powers of life and vegetation fled,  
The fields repose as Nature's self lay dead,  
The earth to rock, the sea to crystal turns,  
Till the bright sun with tropic splendor burns.

Yet sure yon patient, woolly tribes demand  
The generous care of man's providing hand;  
Unless for them his shivering limbs must bear  
Th' enfeebling rigours of th' inclement year.  
Or, wrapt in skins, the human form debase,  
To a vile semblance of the savage race;  
And Ceres still thy fostering care supplies  
Abundant food when wintry glooms arise;  
For them, o'er many a fruitful acre spread,  
Th' aspiring colewort lifts its verdant head;  
For them the turnip swells its juicy form,  
And stands unharm'd through many a piercing storm.



But chief, when Phœbus' vivifying ray  
Glows on the painted scenes of rosy May,  
Where'er thy hand its plastic power applies,  
Herbs, flowers, and fruits in rich profusion rise;  
Vanish the glooms that mark the sterile soil,  
The rocks relent, the wildest deserts smile.  
Blest hour! when Art and Luxury are poor,  
And Grandeur's golden scenes delight no more!  
'Tis Nature calls: and, lo, the rich and gay,  
Princes, and sceptred kings, the call obey,  
And bid their chariots haste in splendid train,  
Amidst the sweets of Flora's vernal reign.

The purest pleasures still attend his toil,  
Who spends his days on his paternal soil;  
Too low, to listen to the syren's tale,  
He never bids Ambition's dreams prevail;  
And, blest with health and calm domestic joy,  
No fears of poverty his breast annoy.

v. 356.

The intelligent farmer.

On him if liberal Science deigns to shine,  
 To banish errors, and the art refine,  
 Ill-shapen tools, of weak, uncertain pow'r,  
 Fall to decay, and are renew'd no more.  
 To them effective instruments succeed,  
 His herds and flocks display a nobler breed,  
 No rampant weeds devour the rising corn,  
 But well-cleans'd vig'rous rows his fields adorn;  
 When fav'ring seasons on his labours smile,  
 Nor thistle, rush, nor gorse deforms his soil,  
 But all the gifts that nature lends to crown  
 The brow of art—he proudly calls his own.  
 Oft from his gates, see many a pond'rous load,  
 Of harvest spoils oppress the burden'd road;  
 These, weekly to some destin'd spot convey'd,  
 Await the mandates of the sons of Trade;  
 —If near some river's navigable tide,  
 Pil'd in a deep capacious barge they ride,

To where proud cities shine along the strand,  
Or commerce beckons with a golden wand.

Great queen of arts! when shall thy blissful sway,  
From every heart, command the grateful lay?  
For, hark!—methinks far other notes I hear,  
Which, sad and solemn, strike my wounded ear;  
Beneath yon willow sits a minstrel swain,  
Nor Wealth nor Grandeur hearken to his strain;  
While lonely there, his plaintive notes arise,  
The drops of anguish glisten in his eyes.  
—“Sweet-smiling vale! that nurs’d my infant years,  
Whose scenes enchanted, and whose name endears!  
Still glow thy fields in summer’s fruitful ray,  
Thy harvets flourish, all thy meads are gay;  
But not for me fair Nature spreads her store,  
Life’s smiling prospects must be mine no more!  
“Ye blissful hours! which once this breast has known,  
When half the village sow’d and reap’d their own;

When social feelings glow'd in ev'ry breast,  
 Each master gen'rous, and each servant blest;  
 When competence, and peace, and rural joy,  
 Smil'd in each cottage, cheer'd each days employ;  
 Alas! your beams are vanish'd from the plain,  
 As with'ring flow'rets fade in winter's iron reign.

“ Friends of my youth, who bade my fortunes rise,  
 Death's ruthless hand for ever seals your eyes,  
 Where yonder high tow'r lifts its ivy'd head,  
 Ye rest, reposing on your clay-cold bed:  
 Envied retreat!—while your surviving heirs  
 Inherit life with its ten thousand cares!

“ Fled is your long-accumulating store,  
 Your houses, meadows, fields, are theirs no more;  
 Where long your race manur'd and till'd the soil,  
 With easy competence and healthful toil,  
 Monopoly has rear'd her gorgon head,  
 To strike the source of rural comforts dead!

“ I ask not Science to withdraw her hand,  
Nor hoary Custom still to rule the land;  
Prais'd be the scene when ev'ry hill and plain  
Exulting owns fair Cultivation's reign;  
When verdant fences o'er each field extend,  
Limits define, and property defend:  
Ye noble few, whose patriot-bosoms glow  
In this fair cause, may glory gild your brow!  
—But say, ye great! who bid, o'er all the isle,  
Green pastures spread where harvests wont to smile,  
Who change, for herds, the life-supporting grain,  
With *woolly tribes* displace the reaper train,  
Who build a *palace* for the wealthier few,  
But drive to squalid huts the *ruin'd* crew;  
Shall not those wretched sons of Want repine?  
Yes—helpless myriads mix their sighs with mine!  
“ Extended glooms and lonely pomps I view,  
Where calm delights and rural virtues grew;

Lo! crush'd by Innovation's fatal hand,  
 They shrink, they fade, and vanish from the land!  
 Thus the fell wolf, that, from the alpine rocks,  
 Descends to valleys cloth'd with peaceful flocks;  
 With mighty terror fills each cottage swain,  
 Plunders the folds, and desolates the plain.

“ Gone are the crops—dismiss'd the rural race—  
 Far happier beasts supply the envied place;  
 The flail hangs silent o'er the naked floor,  
 The rusted sickle leaves its place no more,  
 The *humbler* farms, that *once* adorn'd the plain,  
 Support no more Content's industrious train;  
 These, driv'n from home, for want attends them there,  
 With herds of dealers crowd each mart or fair,  
 And thrive.—Alas! is theirs ill-gotten gold—  
 On corn, or cattle, many a time resold?

“ Yet, not on *all*, this iron fate descends,  
 A few whom name, or art, or wealth defends,

In proud pre-eminence exalt their crest,  
High o'er the ruin'd fortune of the rest;  
Ah, say, ye great! can mansions, towering high,  
The calm abodes of peace and health supply?  
Why shall the slender comforts of the poor,  
In futile pomp, augment the rich man's store?  
Why must the low, laborious, starveling band  
For ever curse *Improvement's* ruthless hand?

“ Behold, where nurs'd in splendor, and in pride,  
Yon lordlings grand, of village growth reside,  
And know *your fiat*, which uprais'd them first,  
Has crush'd their humbler neighbours to the *dust*!  
These, sure, with age, or penury oppress'd,  
May claim a sigh from every feeling breast;  
The breath of pity!—breath'd, alas, in vain!  
While those who flourish on their lost domain,  
Too great amongst the lab'ring tribes to stray,  
Nor share their toil nor charm their cares away;

On courser fleet, with gun or nimble hounds,  
They seek the viewless boundaries of their grounds;  
Complacent on their pamper'd cattle smile,  
And curse, perhaps, the tillers of their soil.  
Far from their barr'd, inhospitable door,  
They drive the shiv'ring, naked, hungry poor,  
From squallid Famine turn the averted eye,  
And close their ear to Mis'ry's piercing cry."

"The cottage heifers, cottage milkmaids fail,  
The crystal spring supplies the mantling pail:  
Ask they for milk?—' My hounds I must supply,  
And those more craving tenants of the sty.'—  
This vile reply, in want's oppressive hour,  
Has mark'd the brutish, callous tongue of pow'r.  
In vain the fair, the young, imploring stand,  
Treading, perhaps, their own paternal land:  
In vain the sigh—th' unconscious tear-drop starts,  
Nought thaws the ice that wraps unfeeling hearts.



---

Continued.

---

v. 480.

---

“ What murmurs fill the *little-great* to know,  
One cup of mirth for labour's sons can flow;  
All *Christmas* gifts their niggard hands withhold,  
Long-wonted feasts grow formal, distant, cold.  
Monthly they meet with conscious pow'r elate,  
Invested all, with legislative state.  
Proud to recount the peasant's joy and gain,  
Then cut his feeble ties of hope in twain.

“ Dear honour'd shade of my departed sire!  
Thy gen'rous bosom glow'd with nobler fire;  
Thy hand uprais'd—alas, how soon forgot!  
An orphan youth, from Want's severest lot;  
Who, long emerg'd from penury and disgrace,  
Looks down with scorn on thy devoted race.  
Oh! my indignant, swelling breast be calm,  
Nor ask a boon from Wealth's unclenching palm:  
Dim are these eyes, and falt'ring is this tongue,  
Nor earth's dark scenes detain me prisoner long!

v. 498.

Peasant's complaint on war.

Yet still I turn, with anxious eye, to view  
Where youth's calm joys to ripen'd manhood grew;  
Still with delight behold that ancient vine,  
Whose tendrils round the well-known casement twine,  
And those tall lilacs, flow'ring near the door,  
Where oft I trod, but enter there no more!

“ A son was mine, the guardian of my age,  
Till op'd to me *inclosure's* fatal page,  
Since when, on life's unshelter'd ocean cast,  
And many a care, and many a sorrow past,  
Alas! his feet have cross'd the rolling flood,  
To wade in fields of carnage and of blood.  
Scarce landed he on Gallia's sanguine shore,  
His guiltless hands unstain'd with human gore.  
Oh ye, whose breasts can feel a parent's woe,  
Forgive my tears, for all my hopes are low!  
Midst fellow men a mangled corse he lies,  
Unnerv'd each limb, and clos'd his ardent eyes.

---

---

Rapid strides of wealth.v. 516.

---

---

“Thus, bending with the weight of cares and age,  
Still Fate pursues me with relentless rage.  
Nor me alone; I view a numerous train,  
Who mourn their parents, husbands, children slain;  
While still, to aggravate their woes the more,  
And cups of gall on all their comforts pour,  
Engrossing wealth with all o'er-whelming sway,  
Tears, *one by one*, their trembling hopes away:  
With rapid strides his wide dominion spreads,  
E'en to the *caves* of Penury's crumbling sheds,  
And while his fields in boundless prospect rise,  
Scarce views a *garden* with unenvious eyes.”

Now sound no more thou sorrow-breathing lyre,  
Let Joy's soft-touch the Doric reed inspire,  
While rich and poor, with one accordant voice,  
Combine to bid the British isles rejoice.  
Why shall the Muse to grief attune her song,  
The plaintive notes still murmuring on her tongue?

High o'er the grov'ling, selfish, reptile crew,  
 A noble, powerful, gen'rous race I view,  
 Still prompt, at pure Humanity's command,  
 To banish mis'ry from their native land.  
 These, in the senate, plead the sacred cause  
 Of genuine liberty and equal laws;  
 Drag forth Corruption from her dark retreat,  
 And break the fetters from the guiltless feet;  
 The tyrant's frown, the tyrant's steel defy,  
 In glory live, or nobly dare to die.

Nor less, in life's sequester'd walks, their aim  
 To cherish worth and genius' glimmering flame;  
 Alike to guard the many and the few,  
 Nor e'er deny to Industry her due.

Ye truly noble! at whose stern command,  
 Abash'd, Oppression drops her nerveless hand,  
 For you the orphan's and the widow's tear  
 Shall frequent start, and speak the soul sincere;

H

For you, while sinking in the arms of death,  
In grateful prayers expire their latest breath :  
And when, reclin'd on Nature's final bed,  
*Your* ashes rest amidst the honour'd dead ;  
Or, in the Muse's, or th' historic page, .  
Your names shall live, the boast of ev'ry age ;  
And led by Virtue and ingenuous Fame,  
Your heirs shall emulate th' immortal name.

Is there a name superior to the rest,  
Whom Agriculture's laurel wreaths invest,  
Patron of peace, and liberty, and law,  
Whom *slaves* esteem'd, and *factions* heard with awe.  
'Tis thine, O *Bedford* ! thine which shall extend,  
As far as peace and freedom own a friend !

Far, far away, ye forms unlovely fly,  
Ye plaintive sounds, in songs of pleasure die.  
Lo ! Hope extends her magic tube, to see  
What charms lie hid in dim futurity,

v. 570.

Vision of Hope.

And bids, in Fancy's variegated dyes,  
 A new creation meet my joyful eyes.  
 What distant morning opens on my sight?  
 What smiling forms of unalloy'd delight?  
 Methinks I view Arcadian scenes extend,  
 And forms celestial o'er the plains descend,  
 Pale Sorrow glooms not round the peasant's plough,  
 Dims not his eye, nor darkens on his brow.  
 No more the meed of Labour's weary hour  
 Invites the sordid, cruel gripe of power:  
 Age pines no more, nor gentle nymph nor swain,  
*Disgusted* views fair Ceres' spreading reign.  
 No longer Hymen's silken bondage *flies*,  
 Nor *dreads* the offspring of connubial ties.  
 Oh, blissful scene! around my natal soil,  
 The *cornucopia* charms the sons of toil.  
 Bright o'er the isle the olive-branch of peace  
 Extending, bids the din of Discord cease:

---

---

Universal joy on the unexpected return of peace. v. 588.

---

---

Mild-ey'd Content, descendant of the sky,  
Glow's in each breast, and gladdens ev'ry eye;  
Angelic Truth extends her lovely reign,  
And Virtue sheds her smiles on all the rural train!

But, lo! no more Hope's fairy visions rise,  
Still brighter prospects open to my eyes!  
Peace, the fair stranger, hails the British isle,  
And prints on ev'ry patriot's lip a smile.  
She speaks—her milk-white banners wave around,  
The sword is sheath'd, the silver trumpets sound,  
From clime to clime th' electric tidings fly,  
Ethereal music echoes from the sky;  
Arabia's deserts hear th' inspiring voice,  
And bleak Siberia's furthest shores rejoice.

Then come, O Ceres! patron of my song,  
Let thy gay train increase the joyous throng,  
For, lo! amidst thy soft retreats, no more  
Flash the red spears, nor mortal engines roar;

---

---

v. 606.

Apostrophe to Ceres concluded.

---

---

Life's ebbing tide no more thy verdure stains,  
 Nor threat'ning banners wave around thy plains;  
 No sons of Rapine ambush in thy woods,  
 Nor thund'ring navies load thy tranquil floods.







P O E M S,  
&c.



## TO AMANDA.

---

WHILE oft I view thy matchless charms,  
In miniature portray'd,  
Amanda seems to bless my arms,  
With every grace array'd,


But when, amidst yon rosy bowers,  
I meet my lovely fair,  
Methinks, nor beauty decks the flowers,  
Nor odours scent the air.

In vain may Spring her gems renew,  
Unseen they bloom and die,  
If thou but meet my ravish'd view,  
And breathe thy tender sigh.

---

Thus Phœbus' golden beams adorn  
The cheek of infant day;  
Thus pencils he th' attire of morn  
With ev'ry beauteous ray.

But when, from yon expansion blue,  
His native radiance plays,  
Her fainter beauties shrink from view,  
In his refulgent blaze.



## THE SKYLARK.

---

**HARK!** from beneath yon sable cloud,  
The skylark pours his matin lay;  
While thick the vivid lightnings crowd,  
Dire flashing o'er the face of day.  
Now Phœbus hides his radiant form,  
And wider spreads the gathering storm;  
Descending prone, through fields of air  
Electric fires incessant glare.  
Ev'n now, behold yon ancient oak  
Is shiver'd with tremendous stroke:  
Yet, still the warbler mounts on high,  
And tunes his carols in the frowning sky.  
Thus Virtue hears, with unconcern,  
Heaven's loud artillery echo through the skies,  
Sees flames ethereal round her burn,  
With heart unshaken and undaunted eyes.

---

# ODE FROM HORACE.

## *LIB. I. ODE XXII.*

---

**T**HE man, whose pure and uncorrupted heart,  
With spotless virtue glows and generous pride,  
Asks not the Moorish aid of missile dart,  
Nor hangs th' envenom'd quiver to his side.

Though long and dreary his sad journey lie  
O'er houseless Caucasus' snow-laden sides,  
Where Afric's deserts feel a burning sky,  
Or where renown'd Hydaspes rolls his tides.


Thus late, while love and Lalage I sung,  
And stray'd defenceless in the Sabine grove;  
Swift in my path, a dreadful wolf upsprung,  
Yet fled the voice of innocence and love.

---

Warlike Apulia not its equal yields,  
In the wide coverts of her beechen groves;  
Nor Juba's deserts wild, nor arid fields,  
Dread clime, where oft the tawny lion roves.

Place me amidst that ever-dreary clime,  
Where bends no floweret in the vernal gale;  
Where clouds deform heav'n's azure arch sublime,  
Snows keenly drive, and fierce the pattering hail.

Place me where torrid skies their radiance pour,  
No sheltering roof, nor tree's cool shadow there;  
Still, charming Lalage, shall I adore,  
My sweetly-smiling, sweetly-speaking fair.





## SONNET,

### *ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.*

---

STRETCH'D, pale and silent, on the couch of death,  
Lo! where a mother's infant darling lies;  
Ev'n now her lips receiv'd its parting breath,  
Ev'n now her tears bedew'd its closing eyes.  
Ah! why was beauty on each limb impress'd,  
Yet quench'd so early life's pale, trembling flame,  
Ere reason's day-spring glimmer'd in that breast,  
Ere learnt that tongue to lisp a mother's name.  
Sweet babe, adieu! thy sorrows are no more,  
Not such their fate, alas! who mourn thy doom;  
Life's dreary desert they must traverse o'er,  
Must tread the path where pleasures never bloom;  
Where Want's grim train in long succession rise,  
Perhaps till lasting night has seal'd their aged eyes.

---

TO  
A FRIEND IN PRISON.

*Written during the Robespierian Tyranny.*

---

DEAR friend! in these dark scenes of woe,  
Where Despotism and Murder reign,  
Scarce dares the vital stream to flow,  
But chills and stagnates in each vein.  
Methinks each hinge reluctant grates,  
That leads me to thy sad abode;  
And pallid Horror guards the gates,  
And Desperation points the road.  
How dismal shines the taper's ray,  
That faintly shows thy dungeon walls!  
Alas! while bright the flood of day,  
Full on yon tyrant's palace falls.

Yet soon his iron sway shall end!

Th' assassin of the just, the brave,

Long ere to-morrow's sun descend,

Shall drop his triumph in the grave.

Sunk with th' accurst of every clime and age,

Ere thy devoted life could glut his ruthless rage.



## TO SCIENCE.

---

**F**AIR Science! in thy flowery road,  
Oh! had my earliest footsteps trod;  
With ardent thought aspiring still,  
To scale thy heaven-ascending hill,  
Long since, of every joy possest  
That warms thy fervent votary's breast,  
My feet had trod that sacred ground,  
Where thy sequester'd sons are found.  
There, with the great of every age,  
Explor'd thy mystery-teeming page;  
Pursu'd the vast expanse of thought,  
Beheld great Nature's wonders wrought,  
And felt, perhaps, with conscious pride,  
To Fame's immortal race allied.

## YOUTHFUL SCENES.

---

DEAR scene! where first my youthful breast,  
With fond emotions knew to beat;  
What lov'd ideas firm impress'd,  
Recal me to thy lone retreat.


Still grows the laurel and the yew,  
Still Philomela charms the grove;  
Yet I, in vain, return to view,  
The faded forms of joy and love.

Dear, lost Amanda, hapless fair!  
Our eyes shall meet on earth no more;  
Yet, still the soothing hope I bear,  
With thee to tread the elysian shore.

---

What though thy beauteous blooming youth  
Has perish'd in the grasp of time!  
Thy love, thy piety, and truth,  
Shall flourish in eternal prime.

And those who lonely wander here,  
By sad misfortune taught to mourn,  
Shall, with the sympathising tear,  
Bedew thy cold memorial urn.



## HYMN TO HEALTH.

---

**H**YGIEIA! daughter of the skies,  
Long, long a stranger to these eyes,  
Once more I hail thy glad return,  
That calls me from Affliction's urn.


Thrice welcome, soul-reviving fair!—  
Ah! could I hope, thy guardian care  
Should still extend thy soothing power,  
In lonely walk or silent bower,  
In desert wild, in gloomy way,  
Where'er my devious feet may stray,  
Till Pleasure's morn no more return,  
And Life's dim lamp must cease to burn!

Whate'er of joy or beauty shines,  
In sparkling gems, in golden mines,  
Descendants grand, supreme renown,  
The mitred head, the imperial crown;—

---

Whate'er the heavenly powers bestow,  
To solace mortals here below,  
To bid fatigue and sorrow fly,  
And lift the care-beclouded eye;—  
Sweet Health! 'tis thy benignant hand  
Must bid their latent charms expand.

Unhappy he of *all* possest,  
If thy soft glow forsake his breast;—  
'Tis thine to raise the raptur'd song,  
And hymeneal joys prolong;  
'Tis thine, in winter's iron gloom,  
To bid the spring of pleasure bloom;  
To bid the friendless orphan smile,  
To bless the hardy sons of toil,  
And oft to lend thy cheering ray,  
Till the last powers of life decay,





ON SEEING  
A YOUNG LADY

*Break off a single Rose-bud and place it in her Bosom.*

---

AH, say Maria! why in haste  
To pluck that virgin flower away,  
Where Nature's softest tints are trac'd,  
And odours breathe of Love and May?

Forbear, Maria, cruel fair!  
Scarce have its beauties seen the day;  
Scarce sipp'd Aurora's humid air,  
Or smil'd in Phœbus' genial ray.

Sweet lonely floweret of the vale,  
Its tears bedew thy heaving breast;  
Yet, hark! methinks I hear a tale,  
Soft to thy youthful ear address'd.

---

Thou art a flower, Maria! thrown  
Amidst a wilderness of thorns;  
A bloom of love but newly blown,  
Which artless innocence adorns.

Ah! may no withering cares annoy,  
No sickness blight thy vernal charms,  
No clouds of sorrow mar thy joy,  
Secure in Virtue's guardian arms.

May no belov'd, yet faithless youth,  
Imprint thy bosom with despair;  
But modest worth and spotless truth,  
And love connubial blossom there.

Soft nymph! beware that syren sound,  
When Pleasure tempts thee to her bowers;  
Her words more deep than adders wound,  
And scorpions lurk beneath her flowers.



## STANZAS

*ADDRESSED TO A SCHOOL-MISTRESS.*

---

**T**HOUGH life, my Julia! is a thorny maze,  
Where none can pure felicity attain;  
Where fruitless cares and follies waste our days,  
And thoughtless myriads seem to breathe in vain.

Why shall we faint, disgusted, and oppress'd?  
Why from the path of Emulation stray?  
While Hope's soft impulse animates the breast,  
And Virtue calls our loitering steps away.

Thine is the task, the pleasure to instil  
The charms of knowledge in the female mind;  
With mild persuasion to allure the will,  
And bound the passions with restrictions kind.

---

This be thy praise, and this thy highest aim,  
Learning and Virtue's precepts to impart,  
Inferior far is Beauty's humble claim,  
The glare of Wit, and mimic charms of Art.

Soon dire disease, or life's chill wintry hour,  
Shall dim each eye, and blight the fairest bloom;  
Pale grows the cheek when storms of sorrow lour,  
Nor youth's soft tints the faded form relume.

Yet, Julia! still on thine assiduous care  
Shall fond maternal tenderness rely;  
That mental charms may deck the rising fair,  
Which brave disease, and withering time defy.

The placid smile, the lips of spotless truth,  
The eye of love, the heart benign and pure,  
With nameless graces crown the spring of youth,  
And till life's wintry eve in vernal pride endure.

**WAR.**  
***AN ODE.***

---

**W**HAT awful touch, Eölian lyre!  
Awakes thy deep-resounding strings!  
What demons dire their sable wings display?  
'Tis Discord strikes the trembling wire,  
'Tis War the song of carnage sings,  
And breathes devouring flames o'er the fair face of day.

Stern, seated in her iron car,  
I see her faulchions gleam afar,  
Her crimson banners waving round;  
The voice of thunder marks her way,  
Trembles the earth in wild dismay,  
Hoarse the trumps of battle sound:

And now I view  
Her ruffian crew,

v. 15.

Discord sends forth her forces.

Incas'd in mail, defil'd in human gore,  
Obsequious to her fell commands,  
They haste, they fly from distant lands,  
As wolves from Alpine mountains pour;  
She waves her sword, and rolls her gorgon eye,  
She speaks, and nature shudders at the cry.

Yet, why, O Muse, pollute thy song  
With words that mark a demon's tongue?  
O waft them far, ye tempests wild,  
O lose them in the desert air,  
Where howls the tiger and the bear,  
Where love and friendship never smil'd.

Alas! I see  
The Fates decree:  
Blood, blood alone can quench the flame;  
And see, the blushing ensigns bear

---

---

The son armed against father.v. 31.

---

---

Thine honour!—thine insulted name,  
O thou bright guardian of the fair,  
Thou sacred ornament of life,  
From scenes of blood thy generous votaries fly.  
Revenge and reptile Pride are there,  
Ambition fell, ignoble strife,  
Misanthropy, with sullen air,  
And lust of rule with ruthless eye;  
They arm the son, they arm the sire,  
With faulchions dipt in rancorous ire.  
They point the dagger, wing the dart,  
Congeal to flint the human heart,  
Bid furies glare in every cell,  
Where kind humanity might dwell,  
Till all to devastation hurl'd,  
Convulsive horror shakes the world;  
The fires infernal seem on earth to glow,  
Rocks, mountains, woods, and caves resound to human woe.

Ah, hapless land! ill-fated soil!

Where sounds the threat'ning voice of war,

Thy trembling peasants fly afar,

In vain their hopes their arduous toil!

Thy harvests mourn their golden pride,

Witelm'd in the purple human tide;

Thy lucid rivers, stain'd with blood,

To ocean roll a murmuring flood;

Youth, beauty, worth, and learning feel

The rancour of devouring steel;

Thick o'er the plains thine heroes fall,

Resign their hopes, their fears, their all;

Dropt from their grasp, the spear, the shield,

They sleep unknown on slaughter's field;

Stiff their cold limbs; no more they breathe a sigh,

Nor press a lover's hand, nor glad a parent's eye.

Seest thou yon citiës wrapt in flame?

The brand was lit by fellow men!



---

---

*Lucinda seeks her husband among the slain.*v. 67.

---

---

Hoarse o'er the land the vultures scream,  
The wolves desert their Alpine den,  
They snuff the horrors of the dire campaign,  
Where human tigers boast their myriads slain.

Lo! where yon mourner, with her infant fair,  
Seeks her lost spouse with eyes of wild despair;  
By many a mangled corse she flies,  
Till her Florelia meets her eyes.

Alas, Lucinda! many a tear  
Shall fall in vain on young Florelia's bier.  
Dragg'd from thy arms, he fought, he bled,  
On earth's cold lap he laid his head,  
And breath'd his groans alone, and found no succour near;  
Ah! death has his pale lips impress'd,  
His eyes no more th' endearing look impart,  
Connubial love no more inspires his breast,  
Nor life's last pulses move his throbbing heart.

---

---

v. 84.Invocation of peace.

---

---

Ah! when shall War's dread thunders cease to roar!

When shall the waste of life be o'er!

Again the bolt of Vengeance flies,

Her tempests lour in western skies,

Near and more near her legions pour,

And threaten e'en Britannia's shore.

Oh spare, ye furies, spare my natal isle,

Ye swelling waves, o'erwhelm their cruel boast:

Genius of Britain, guard thy sons of toil,


With walls of fire surround thy favour'd coast.

Still, still, sweet Peace, with Britons deign to dwell,

Still to thy name may grateful offerings rise,

Though round our shores the fiends of murder yell,

And bleeding nations view with envious eyes.



# ODE

*On the Marriage of B. B. and M. A.*

---

AURORA paints the orient skies  
With Beauty's variegated dyes;  
The thrush attunes her sweetest lay,  
The zephyrs flit on odorous wing,  
The valleys smile, the woodlands ring,  
All nature breathes of love and spring,  
To hail Maria's nuptial day.

Then, why, fair nymph, that pensive sigh,  
That softly musing downcast eye?  
Why those anxious doubts and fears?  
Give to love thy virgin charms,  
Haste to bless thy Damon's arms,  
Nor pall the festive hour with thoughts of future years.

---

---

An unmarried state comfortless.

---

---

Forbid it, Heaven, that beauty dwell  
Recluse from love in hermit cell,  
Or lonely pace that desert wild,  
Where social pleasures never smil'd;  
Yet such, Maria, is their fate,  
Whose rebel minds  
Love never binds;  
Silent they pass in solitary state,  
While none their pleasures share,  
Nor smooth life's rugged path, nor blunt the edge of care.

Haste thee, nymph, nor more delay;  
Damon calls his fair away.—  
Still with rising doubts impress'd?  
Still unwilling to be bless'd?  
Yet, O Maria, in thine eyes  
I read whate'er thy tongue denies,

---

---

*Hymeneal procession.*

---

---

I see the rosy tints of love  
Suffuse thy cheeks, thy lips adorn,  
Soft delights thy bosom move,  
And bid thee hail th' auspicious morn.

The gay, the white-rob'd nuptial train,  
With smiles approach the sacred fane;  
Damon and his lovely spouse  
Now exchange their mutual vows,  
Hymen spreads his silken toils,  
Joins their hands  
In holy bands.

Maria sighs—and Damon smiles.  
Damon, Maria is thy own,  
Thy heart is pledg'd to her alone;  
On both may love's bright day unclouded shine,  
And Hymen's bands no happier pair entwine.

---

*Invocation.*

---

On wings of Mirth the day is fled,  
Phœbus no more illumes the sky,  
The cheek of Eve, suffus'd with red,  
Is vanish'd from the eye;  
Attend, ye loves, the nuptial bed;  
Ye Graces, there sweet incense shed,  
And round unfading myrtles strew;  
Sleep, sit lightly on their eyes;  
Aurora, long forbear to rise,  
Night, thy ebon reign renew,  
Nor thou, fair Cynthia, pour thy lambent fire  
In the retreats where love and youth retire.

Ye nuptial powers, propitious prove,  
Nor light in vain their mutual flame;  
Soon may a smiling infant rest,  
Soft, on Maria's heaving breast,  
Give one to bless a mother's love,  
And one to bear a father's name.

---

---

The wishes of a friend.

---

---

In *him* be wit and virtue join'd,  
Genius and emulation strong,  
And conscious dignity of mind,  
That soars above the vulgar throng;  
To heights sublime directs the eyes,  
And cleaves with eagle wing the skies;  
And may Maria's fondness trace,  
In *her* each budding female grace,  
And long, with love maternal, sip  
Soft pleasures from her velvet lip;  
And see the beams of health and youth,  
Long o'er her cheek unclouded play,  
And modesty and heavenly truth,  
And resignation's placid ray.

'Tis o'er, my friend—the nuptial day  
Has long withdrawn its latest ray,  
The honey-moon with silver horns  
No more thy evening walk adorns,

---

---

Friendship and affection.

---

---

Nor gilds the hours of soft repose;  
Hope's throbbing pulse is sunk to rest,  
But, leaning on Maria's breast,  
Each calm delight thy kindling bosom knows:  
Affection feeds the hymeneal flame,  
And friendship yields but to a dearer name.

Lo! where, in glossy spirals spread,  
Yon ivy lifts its shelter'd head,  
Around its wedded elm entwin'd:  
Thus, may Maria's lasting charms,  
Recline on Damon's guardian arms,  
As long in love as life conjoin'd;  
And still, as seasons roll away,  
Remembrance bless the joyous day,  
When she her heart and virgin hand resign'd.  
Enchanting scene! when two congenial minds  
Together tread the vale of smiles and tears,



---

**Domestic happiness.**

---

Though Fortune frown, e'en mutual grief endears,  
Whom Nature pairs, and gentle Hymen binds.  
Whatever hope can ask, or love bestow,  
Is all their own, while youthful passions glow;  
And when chill Age uplifts his sceptre hoar,  
And bids Love revel in their breasts no more,  
Friendship survives, nor from the soul retires;  
Heightens each joy, and wipes the eyes that weep;  
Cheers life's calm eve, and fans its wasting fires,  
Till clos'd the lover's eyes in Death's unconscious sleep.

# LINES

ON SEEING A YOUNG WOMAN VISITING THE  
GRAVE OF HER MOTHER,

IN WALES.

---

**P**ALÉ gleams the moon, and, hark ! some lonely tread  
Approaches slow the mansions of the dead.  
Hide my intrusive steps, thou solemn yew;  
My form, sad mourner, must not meet thy view;  
Unseen, I love to meet those angel eyes,  
And drink the breathings of thy filial sighs.

“ Sad is my soul, and Night’s descending glooms  
O’ershade my wonted visit to the tombs.  
Farewell, sweet fields, in vernal glory drest,  
The dews descend, and fades the glimmering west;  
Yet, soon through night’s dark bosom shoots a ray,  
And radiant morn resumes the smiling day:

---

---

Parental affection.

---

---

But thee, my soul, the sun of gladness flies,  
Joy's vivid rays revisit not these eyes,  
Death seals her lips for whom my sorrows pour,  
Her eyes of love must ope on me no more.

“Oh thou, kind luminary of the night!  
Pale lamp of heaven! dispense thy silver light,  
Pierce with mild beam the deep funereal gloom,  
And guide my wand'ring steps to Anna's tomb.  
For there, while bending o'er a parent's urn,  
Visions of love to Memory's eye return;  
Methinks I meet a parent's view again,  
And feel a sweet, but short release from pain.

“Dear shade! and can those tender, smiling eyes  
E'er turn to me from yon ethereal skies?  
Glow still that love maternal in thy breast,  
That hail'd my birth, and bade my youth be blest?  
Whene'er my feet in paths of error stray,  
Wouldst thou, my guardian, warn me from the way?

---

*Recollection and anxiety.*

---

If grief o'ershade, or rays of pleasure shine,  
Say, can thy bosom sympathise with mine?  
Ah, no! methinks those hours of bliss are o'er,  
Thou art my guardian, parent, friend no more.  
Lonely and sad, I wander here below,  
Nor canst thou share my pleasure or my woe;  
Yet still to thee my fond desires arise,  
Still longs my soul to meet thee in the skies;  
And shall, till life's last spark has ceas'd to shine,  
And low in earth my ashes rest with thine.

“Oft as the lingering gloom of winter flies,  
And spring's mild radiance gilds the northern skies,  
These grateful hands shall deck thy silent grave.  
There shall the snowdrop's earliest blossoms wave;  
Wak'd to new life by Nature's genial glow,  
There shall the pale, the modest primrose blow;  
The violet there shall bend its sapphire head,  
Or, rob'd in silver, all its fragrance shed.

---

---

Conclusion.

---

---

Emblems of youth and every pure delight,  
That bloom awhile, then sink to endless night,  
The winds that bear your fragrance as they fly,  
Shall drink my tears, and waft my frequent sigh;  
Long as a mother's name shall warm my breast,  
Or cold oblivion lay my cares to rest."

And long, Amanda, may that hour delay,  
When Memory's sweetly pensive joys decay;  
Long may thy pulse with warm affection beat,  
Thy bosom long retain its genial heat;  
May some kind partner feel thy every care,  
And many a year thy softest pleasures share;  
Till, worn with years, on some far distant day,  
Th' immortal part shall drop its veil of clay;  
And some lov'd child, like thee, survive to mourn,  
And deck with vernal flowers thy cold memorial urn.

FINIS.

# ERRATA.

- |       |       |                     |   |                       |
|-------|-------|---------------------|---|-----------------------|
| P. 5. | l. 3. | <i>for</i> elliptic | - | <i>read</i> elliptic. |
| 33.   | 10.   | — plantive          | - | — plaintive.          |
| 41.   | 3.    | — attitude          | - | — altitude.           |
| 47.   | 14.   | — revolvant pinion  | — | revolant pinion       |
|       |       | bear                |   | bears.                |

---

**J. Swan, Printer, 76, Fleet-street.**

---

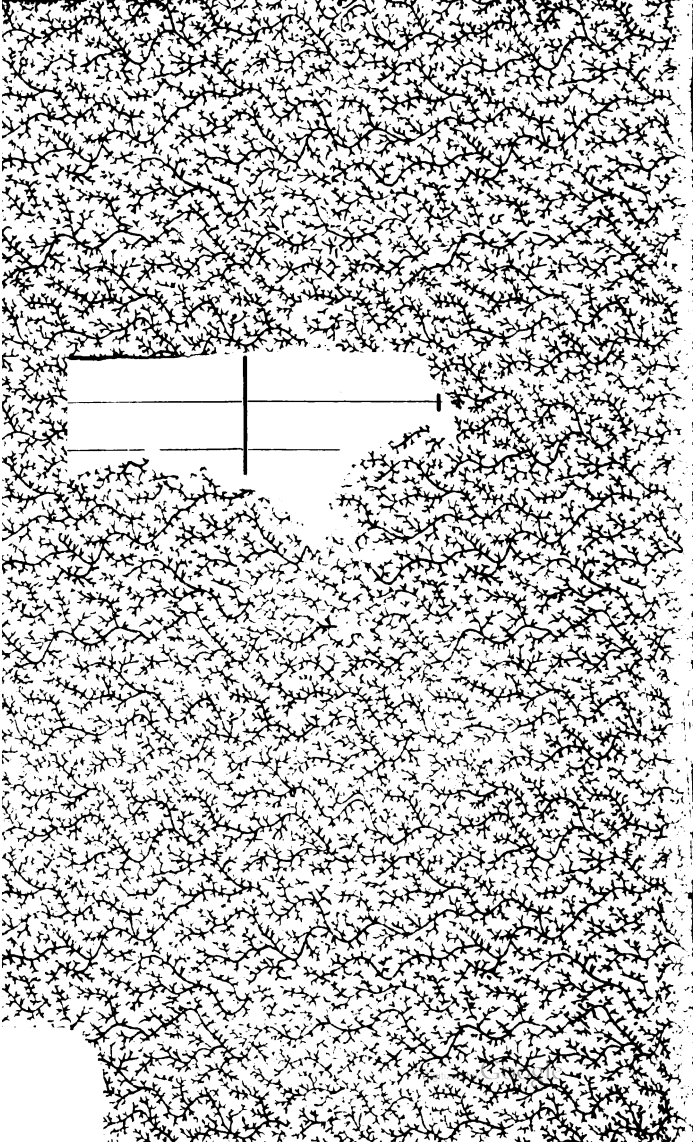
2.4  
3











BU MAR 26 1914

